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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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For the Register.

THE GROWTH OF OUR WESTERN COUNTRY, AND OUR DUTIES IN REFERENCE TO IT.

BY REV. F. T. GRAY.

I would ask you to spread before you a map of this country, and look at this vast western portion, with its rivers, lakes, fertile soil, and rich mines; consider its present population, the age of some of its largest cities and towns, and then ask if the growth the next ten or twenty years should be as great as the last—and it will be much greater, for thousands now land in the summer, where there were only hundreds a few years since—and ask, what part, will this portion take in your nation's affairs in a few years? It will enact your laws and fill the highest offices in your country,—you cannot fail to perceive this: and were you to go there, you would feel how important in this point of view it is that virtue and morality and religious principles keep pace with its growth. It would lead you to say, I think, that in this matter, looking at the permanence, the virtue, the intelligence of the people of this great nation, we had much to do by our wealth and our means; and *if that* righteousness which alone can exalt a nation, is to be seen a few years hence as characterizing this people, *the seed must* now be sown, and the *moral soil* watched and cultivated in that *great* western section of the land. Without this is done, sorrow and woe will befal us *all* in every section.'

I might adduce many reasons that would remind us of our duty, in this important matter,—but I pass to one view which has deeply affected me, whenever I have reflected upon it, and which may lead many who still have doubts upon this subject, to pause and consider. Oh, why is it I would plead? Is it because of the thousands I saw land at Wisconsin, or the many English families whom we left on the banks of the Mississippi, or the countless vehicles loaded with emigrants which I beheld crossing the vast prairies? Oh no, not for these alone, but for our own sons and daughters from New England, who are there mingling with these, and who, just like them, have sought a new home. It is for these I would plead.

I have stood by the door of the farmer's cottage in Illinois, on a bright moonlight evening, and while looking at the garden and the beautiful river flowing at the foot of it, have heard the sweet sound of many voices within uniting in their evening hymns and songs. The farmer and his wife were there, and their sons and daughters were around them, thus cheering their parents' hearts after the toils of the day. Not far from me was the village church, and the dwelling of its faithful, devoted minister, and his aged parents. As the sweet strains fell upon my ear—I know not why it was, whether the thought of being two thousand miles from home, or that the familiar song brought that dear home to my mind, but the tears filled my eyes as I gazed at the flowing stream, and the bright stars above. But this I well remember flashed through my mind, and my tears flowed fast,—and this thought I, is their home; happy, happy home, with so much around them to make it so—taste, genius, talent. But who are these? from whence did they come? from the home of Burns, or some favored spot in the mother land, bringing their own loved pastor with them? Oh no, they are from dear New England; and they look back and think of her still, as loving, faithful children. That farmer, was once a merchant in this city, respected and beloved. He had an abundance to spare; his children around him, received their education in our schools; it was here they received that which makes their home such a happy abode and cheers the heart of the weary traveller when he stops there. That loved devoted pastor, came too, from New England, and shall I add, at this altar confessed the Savior before men, and sat with us to commemorate a Savior's love. And that family for many years, went to a sister church very near us, at which their children were baptized, and they now speak of their former pastor, with the fondest affection and love. Oh, it is for these I would plead and such as these; and I felt the importance of activity and benevolence on our part when in that humble church, I met so many who came and gratefully welcomed me as one of their own faith, the faith they loved, and in which they had been educated in this their home.

Never shall I forget, how, one evening, when the sun's bright light had left us, and the moon's mild beams had just begun to greet us, as we passed through dense forests and entered upon the prairie, for three long hours at midnight, not one tree, or shrub, or house was seen, or sound heard by me, save that of the faithful watch dog at the side of the wearied emigrant's wagon under whose humble shelter, he with his family were wrapt in sleep. On, on we passed, and I remembered that I was going to a new place and among perfect strangers, and that one person only was known to me among the inhabitants. Near morning I reached the place, and, wearied by great fatigue, I retired to rest. Long before I arose—as I was afterwards informed—inquiry was made for me. On coming down, I was met by an individual whom I had never seen, who had been anxiously waiting for me; with joy I received his quickly extended hand; his warm, sincere welcome, to his delightfully pleasant (and to me it will be a long remembered) log cottage, where instantly I was made to feel at home, and seemed as if surrounded by long known friends.

Sabbath morning came; notice had been given that a minister had arrived. I crossed the river three times, and preached to a large and exceedingly attentive congregation, morning, afternoon and evening, and every time to an increased audience.

On commencing the morning service, I read that beautiful hymn, 'Come to the house of prayer,' when on sitting down I turned to the few at my side, who composed the choir, and saw a young lady completely overcome, wrapt in tears. At the close of the evening service, she came to me and said with deep emotion, 'Sir, I thank you for your visit to us; that hymn this morning, brought the image of my dear, dear home in New England brightly before me.' I soon learned that she had lost an only child, not long before, and in her grief she said, 'Oh! that I could receive consolation from the lips of my kind and gentle pastor, at my father's home.' She did receive consolation, but you who have received such from those not of your own faith, and who by their harshness in such seasons, seem to look upon these afflictions, as evidence of God's displeasure, know what consolation she received, and how precious to the soul is that true solace in times of sorrow and distress which bids us feel that God is our Father. It is for such as these, I plead, that we may consider them, and do what we can for them.

And here I would state one circumstance which deeply affected me at the time, and will never be forgotten. I had preached six times in the course of a week in one village in Illinois, when one morning I received a request to attend the funeral of an only son, twelve miles distant. We started early in the morning and crossed the prairie. We reached the place and found many at the house of mourning. The reapers and the harvester came in from the field near by and listened with deep attention to the sermon, and I saw many a moistened eye among them. After the prayer, a mild and gentle voice was heard, in which others joined, singing those appropriate words,

'Why do we mourn departing friends
Or weep at death's alarms;
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.'

Soon the whole company passed to the graveyard near by, and when the little form was placed in its last resting place, prayer was offered, and then all of us stood there till even the last sod was placed gently upon the little mound, when the silence was again broken by my parting words! The scene was touching, for all was simple, natural, and appropriate! I felt 'that it was good to be there.' Soon one after another of the assembly separated, and I went back to the house, and when about to leave, I received many kind expressions of gratitude from the father, which deeply affected me. On my way home, my friend informed me, that this father had said, he knew not how to thank him for his kindness in bringing a minister, and in the words that had been spoken, and turning to him said, you tell me he is a missionary; give him that, said he, (handing him at the same time a generous and liberal sum.) I wish I had more to give him, it will help him on his way.' Put up this money, said my friend to him, he asks it not of thee; he has come hither for a little while in behalf of his church, to cheer and comfort *our hearts*, as he has this day!

My readers, it is for these sorrowing ones, it is for the hungering and thirsting there who long to hear the voice of our missionaries, and who are cheered and comforted by them, that I plead and pray that we may be faithful in discharging our duty in supporting these our brothers and sisters in their spiritual need. But I would plead in behalf of the young who are there also, who are truly alive to their best interests, and that of their communities, who are actively engaged in the promotion of sound knowledge, enlightened virtue, and fervent piety. It is a circumstance which should be regarded as favorable to the progress of truth and holiness, that so many young men at the West, are sensible of the importance of disseminating religious truth there, feeling that it is to be the salvation and glory of that new Western world! Never shall I forget the young man, who as we were standing by the pier, as I was about to leave him, whilst pressing my hand he said to me, "go, go tell them at your home, that the *young men* ask them to send their ministers.

I have no words of reproach, no words of condemnation for the past to utter on this subject. I only ask of each one to give a calm and prayerful consideration of their duty and ability to aid in this holy work. And would say in the words of another, "To me the call seems to be sounding throughout that vast region coming to us, and saying, rise and be doing! If you love your country, if you love your brethren, if you love your God, if you love yourselves, hold not back." This call is passing through the whole land, uttered in many tones, urged by many reasons—ye, ye who can, and all can do something, send forth your alms, cast the seed, send into that new and fertile region the seed of religion and good order, and soon a richer harvest shall spring up before you, aye, in a very few years, than you can possibly anticipate, or even imagine!

Parents, as ye lead your children to this loved house of your devotion, think of your privileges and blessings here, and remember those who once enjoyed them—now far away! And ye young think on this subject. Consider your privileges here and at the Sunday School, and remember the obligation that rests upon you.—Oh! be ye faithful stewards of God's rich bounty.

Church of Christ, here, awake! sleep not over this all important duty, which comes home especially to you. Whilst watchful for your own spiritual interests and those around you, ever here may you remember the words of your Lord to the first disciples—"go ye forth into all nations, and make ye disciples." And here may your light shine, and in far distant places, may other churches rejoice in the genial and holy influences of your beneficence and love.

Minister of Christ—may you be faithful and true to this subject, and heaven grant that never here you may be seen indifferent to the holy missionary cause! The cause of Christ—the cause of heaven—the cause of God!

But while I make this appeal, let us rejoice in the thought that, though you send forth no missionary, though no living voice go from among you, and no humble church be seen of your simple primitive faith, the faith to me now more truly than ever, that of Jesus and his apostles, still, there will be one Messenger whose lofty and far reaching intellect will summon and awaken many minds into action, whose wonderful endowments will quicken into life many an uncultivated intellect, and make it an agent in advancing truth and man's highest good; yes! that Silent Messenger will echo with a thousand repetitions, and send the truth into a thousand places and into millions of hearts which have not echoed with the glorious truth of the simplicity of our religion as it is in Christ Jesus, and which have not been moved by its heavenly light and life! Yes! a silent Messenger is ever passing through that vast country. Its living voice was not long since sealed in death; the form men gazed upon often in mute amazement sleeps in yonder garden of graves. But oh! rejoice, believer. The voice of that spirit is not silent—it speaks still. Far, far over those Western wilds, the pure and lofty spirit of Channing speaks with more than an earthly eloquence through his writings, reminding man of his high powers and capacities, bidding him think of God and his Father, and urging him to live as his child, and as an heir of eternal life.

There is a great excitement through the land, from one end to the other of this vast country, in every village, in every town, and every city through which I have passed; it has sometimes amazed me. I have heard the names of men rise on the air from the vast multitudes, and shouted in the streets, again and again—I have seen them written on thousands of banners, and with them over arches, the *principles* they espouse. To forward and promote these principles men labor and toil, believing that on adopting and carrying out these, the prosperity of the whole nation depends, and in this cause they are ready to spend and be spent. But I have often thought, as I have gazed upon and heard all this, that there was One, whose elevation we should earnestly desire, and labor, and pray for. There is one whose principles alone can bring happiness and prosperity to the land if faithfully carried out. And without this, sorrow and suffering will come upon us and ours. Our fathers believed this, every wise man must believe it. And I appeal to every merchant and tradesman, to every mechanic and artizan, to every farmer and those of every calling and profession in life, to come forward and aid in the elevation of this one, and strive to have his *principles* understood and acted upon in every part of our land. Then will not only happiness and prosperity abound throughout this great nation, but each and all will be seeking earnestly for a gift far higher than man has to bestow, and a station which he shall never leave nor transfer to another. Do you ask, who that *one* is?—What his principles? What his elevation?

It is Christ in the hearts of men! It is the principles of his everlasting Gospel, written upon and wrought into the very texture of their souls, shining out in their lives and conversation. It is this that will confer happiness! It is this will bring about righteousness which will exalt the nation, so that it cannot be hid. It is this will find men living for something higher than the fame, the wealth and honors of this world, living as immortal beings and striving by faith and prayer, for an exalted elevation on high, even for the unfading crown of eternal life, and a seat at the right hand of God! For this we are *all* called whether high or low, rich or poor; let us earnestly, ardently and unceasingly seek for this prize, even for glory, honor and immortality beyond the grave! Do we desire this? then we must put forth our strength, and unite our efforts as with one soul, to promote the true interests of man as set forth in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. And these efforts must not be for party or sect but for truth and righteousness—for the conversion of sinners, and the establishment of Christ's kingdom over the world!

Time bids me close—I am aware my eardrers, that I have already taxed your patience too long, and with one word, I will close. Without the utterance of which I feel that I should be unkind and untrue. It is the mention of the unceasing attention and kindness which I have received, wholly and entirely unexpected. It has often completely overcome me. To particularize would be as unbecoming as it is unnecessary. If I were to attempt it, it would be only to go through the whole thirteen States through which I have travelled, and pause at every dwelling at which I tarried in the whole 5000 miles, from the very first morning I left my home, till that on which I returned, for among all, every wish has been fondly anticipated and every dwelling has been made to me as a home surrounded with many Christian friends.

That unbounded hospitality, and kindness no words can adequately express the grateful emotions, which the remembrance of them awakens. I can only say, that they will never be forgotten.

Should life be prolonged, few periods shall I revert to with sweeter satisfaction, and dwell upon with greater pleasure, than the last few months. One of the painful appendages to most of the transient but pleasant intimacies of this life, is the sad reflection, that you meet, are pleased with each other, part with regret, and can expect to meet no more on earth. But notwithstanding this, I feel that I shall ever look back upon my recent journey and remember, many, whom I first met away from home, as strangers, but of whom I shall now ever think as endeared friends by the kind attentions and Christian love.

As we may send our thoughts to them and our prayers shall here ascend for them who shall say that there may not be, at some humble fireside, or in some lonely village Church, the fond remembrance cherished, and the fervent petition ascend for us, as they shall learn of our sympathy and our tokens of Christian love—sweet and precious thought. But far, far more precious is the light and hope, which beams forth from our holy religion, inspiring subject. That whenever we may turn our weary steps, on life's short pilgrimage, and carry back our minds and dwell with the fondest pleasure upon the remembrance of our many cherished homes, we may feel assured that these holy friendships, which have been so pleasant, will last as long as we shall last, and be renovated and readered unchangeable, in a brighter and better home in Heaven!

For the Register.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. NO. III.

James I. 15: 'Sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.'

In preceding numbers I have stated that the violation of the natural laws which God has established, incur the penalty of death; and that nevertheless are they laws, not only of justice, but of benevolence. The penalty to this moment is unrepealed, and, as I believe, unrepealable. Sin, when finished or consummated, must forever cause death to the physical constitution.

The poet's brief line declares a great truth.

'A God all mercy is a God unjust.'

The attribute that would confound the distinctions between right and wrong, and their consequences, would, in effect, be the greatest conceivable cruelty. Is it conceivable that or any other than purposes of benevolence, God has so constituted human nature, that the violation of it, persisted in, shall incur the penalty of death? If such penalty be proof of revenge, then may it be alleged that the penalty of death inflicted by human laws, is revenge, and that the chastenings of heaven are full of revenge! According to such reasoning, the painful corrections of folly, and even the remedies of disease, are all revenge.

The Savior's command is in point: 'If thy right eye offend thee,' (or cause thee to offend) 'pluck it out, and cast it from thee. If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee.' Was it *revenge* that he so emphatically commanded? Was it in *revenge* that he drove the money changers out of the temple?

Shall we charge the Infinite with revenge, because the vices originate disease, emaciate and deform the body, distract, debase and torment the mind, blast every hope of life, and bring death in the most terrific forms? Such are penalties, God, the Father of all, infinitely good and kind, has ordained, and which no one finds to be repealed, or even suspended by the merciful dispensation of the Gospel.

By an *unchangeable decree* the way of the transgressor is full of dreadful penalties, until he forsakes that evil. Why is this so? It is so for *my* benefit, for *yours*, for the benefit of every human being. How quickly the pleasure God has forbidden brings pain to the body or the mind; generally to both. The admonition of the penalty to the sufferer is clear and distinct: to pause and reflect; escape from the guilty indulgence. It biteth like the serpent; it stingeth like the adder. In defiance of all evasions, nature speaks out and confesses that vice is

Self-love in a mistake,
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear;
Disguised self-hate;
More mortal than the 'malice of our foes!'

The *revealed law* of God is designed to be to us *mainly* a transcript of the law of nature, set before us to give us warning of the dangers of the evil way. It speaks to reason and to conscience, and to the good affections of the heart, to counsel us to avoid the penalties of guilt.—It seeks to save us from death, by saving us from the guilt that leads to death.

The laws of nations, called Christian nations, profess to make laws of God their basis, and their models for imitation. The law of God declares, 'thou shalt not kill:' thou shalt not kill with wilful malice. *Christ* recognized the same law, and, of course, as I infer, the same penalty, the violation of it, incurred often among the Jews, in his time. *Our laws* are virtually enactments of the revealed laws of God, intended to be based on the same immutable principle.

The question I propose now to consider is, Whether, according to the benign principles and spirit of christianity, the penalty of death ought to be abolished. If the penalty of death was unjust and cruel, why did not Christ, who came to make known the will of his Father, declare it to be unjust and cruel?

Was *he* wanting in sentiments of humanity, or in principles of benevolence and kindness? If the penalty of death, which was frequently inflicted among the Jews in his time, was actually unjust and cruel, I am unable to conceive of any good reason for his not protesting against it. He did not, as I can find, object to the *manner* of his own death; death by crucifixion. But against false accusations and witnesses, and all acts of revenge he did protest. He nowhere signified, as I can discover, that the penalty he suffered would have been unjust or cruel, provided he had been actually guilty of the crime for which he was condemned.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The character and claims of sea-faring men. A Sermon by Orville Dewey, Pastor of the Church of the Messiah in the city of New York. New York: Charles S. Francis & Co., 252 Broadway: 1845.

Criticism upon this eloquent sermon, full of beauty and truth, of stirring appeals and persuasive logic, is unnecessary. As many of our readers may not see it, we cannot give them greater pleasure, than by laying before them a few passages. It opens in the following manner.

'I am about to speak to you this evening, my brethren, of a class of men which occupies in the world, a very singular position; a position so peculiar, so isolated and strange, that I should think it something for their advantage and for humanity, if I could bring them within the reach of your social and Christian sympathies. The efforts of religious philanthropy have done much within the last twenty years to modify their condition; but still they are too much what they have been for ages, a forlorn and neglected people; hanging upon the skirts of society, scarcely a part of it; living within the pale of civilization, yet almost out of its influence; carrying on the commerce of the world, yet reaping little of its benefits; enriching many, but themselves poor; contributing to build many cities and city-palaces, but themselves literally having no continuing city or abiding place; the children of Christian homes, yet life-long wanderers upon the restless and stormy ocean. Society, civilization, the world, in its present order and comfort, could not exist without them; and yet there is little consideration for them while they live, and when they die—as if they had come on a transient mission into the world; as *to* men not *of* them—they pass away and leave no footprints on the shore of time; they build no houses; they amass no wealth; they bequeath no estates, no name. Their only monuments are certain hospitals built mostly out of contributions from their daily wages, where one quarter of them, the scanty remnant that is not lost in a watery grave, drags out a broken existence in a premature old age.

Such is that roving community of the sea, the class of common sailors; consisting, it is calculated, of two millions of persons, of whom one hundred and fifty thousand are employed in our own ships; and at such a tremendous sacrifice is it, of comfort, of character, and alas! of virtue, that they discharge their office to society, and they are entitled, I must think, to the utmost consideration and sympathy; to a care and kindness very different from that neglect and contempt with which they have usually been regarded. And let me add with regard to the kind of consideration that is due to them, that it is not chiefly such as is ordinarily given to the poor. There are calls for charity among them, and of such I shall speak. But perhaps no class of men present so few calls of this nature. They add nothing to our taxes; they are no burthen upon public charity; they are not beggars in our streets. Their own strong arm obtains their livelihood and provides for their old age. It is not charity then that they most want; it is Christian sympathy; it is brotherly kindness.'

In speaking of the duty of society to seafearing men, Dr. Dewey says,

'Society is apt to look upon this result, which is its own work, or the effect of circumstances which it has taken no pains to control, as a matter of course, or as the product of some blind necessity; but could there be a greater mistake? 'The sailor *will* be a sailor,' it says, and thus ends its catechism of duty. But surely there is a larger view, and this case of conscience is not to be so briefly settled.

Society cannot with impunity neglect *any* of its members. There is never a wrong but there comes a retribution in its train. If we turn from the poor and the vicious, and say to their cry, what concern is it of ours, providence will not accept that answer at our hand. We must pay taxes for them, if we will pay nothing better. If we crush down man to be a slave, then, as a retribution to *us*, he is shorn of half his faculties and of his power to serve society. And if we leave the sailor to be the victim of his condition, our commerce must soffer for it. How many ships has intemperance lost? The answer is given in a plain matter of fact. Five per cent on the premium for Insurance is deducted on ships that carry no alcohol. The cause of Christianity in heathen lands suffers grievously for the vices of sea-faring men. On all pagan shores our missionaries complain of this influence. Our missionary funds are half wasted from this cause. How natural the inference of unchristianized people against our religion! They reason from what they see. A missionary is sent among them to teach them a better religion than their own. *He* is a good man: grant it. Yes, they say, but this is the priest; what sort of people, what sort of parishioners has he! And, lo! a throng of wild, lawless, dissolute, drunken sailors! The conclusion is fatal.

I appeal then most seriously and earnestly against the neglect of this class of our fellowmen.

I appeal to justice and humanity, first. *If* the class of seamen must be isolated from the rest of the world; if this is a necessary state of things—and at any rate it is the actual and permitted state of things; if for society's sake they are cut off from the healthful and restraining relations of society; if the commerce of the world cannot be carried on but at this tremendous sacrifice and exposure; then, I say, we are bound to do all in our power to relieve this condition, to compensate this sacrifice, to counteract this danger. Are we willing that every cargo that is landed on our wharves should cost the welfare of a soul?—for that is no undue proportion, as trade has been carried on. Are we willing that our food, clothing, comfort or luxury, brought from the other side of the world, should be purchased at this expense? Alas! how many of the enjoyments of the world *are* obtained on this terrible condition! On how many of our garments is the sport of blood! On how many of them fall the sweat and tears of uncompensated toil! Into how many of our luxuries is infused the smart of human anguish! We do not bring this near to us, else we could not bear it. Were a family to single out one of its members, and say to him, 'be a wanderer and a vagabond, that we may have tea from China, and spices from the islands, and fruits from Italy, and silks from France and fine clothes from England;' would they not, ere they could finish that dread commission, say 'no! no—we can do without them. No; let us live in our simplicity rather.' Yet neither is this necessary. But it *is* necessary that we do something to take off the curse that has rested for ages on the sailor's vocation. We have heard much of sailor's rights.' This is his great right; a right to moral justice, a right to some compensatory arrangements to protect him against perils incurred for the common benefit. If a library, or a school, or a church, or a 'Sailor's Home, will tend to answer that purpose, it would be but a measure of justice for society to provide it.'

In alluding to what has been accomplished in behalf of the sailor, he says,

'Yes, many a ship is now consecrated to God. Many a pious master gathers his people together on the holy day. I behold that wonder upon the deep; that deck, a floating altar; that tapering mast, a spire pointing to heaven; above, the dome of the sky; around, the far-spreading sea, the flooring of God's temple; and there, amidst the vast and listening solitude of waters, go up the voice of prayer and the anthem of thanksgiving! And when that ship returns, she brings report perhaps—for such things are known—of other gains than those which pertain to the merchandize of this world; of treasures found by her inmates, richer than Indian pearls or gold of Ophir. Upon the boundless deep its wandering children are learning of Him whose "way is in the sea, and whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known.' Bibles and good books, provided by kind hands, went out with them; prayers and good exhortations were uttered in their ears; the blinding mists of intemperance had already fallen from their eyes; and now they have seen the light and felt the power of a new creation. Yes, upon that wild element, so long estranged from religion, there are now 'revivals of religion.' I say not with what imperfection or weakness of faith, the poor sailor has received the visitation; but I say that the eventful voyage which has brought to him the sense of that power divine, is of dearer concern and value, than if it were freighted for his single behoof, with the wealth of Indian empires! Nay, ask himself; and poor as he is, he will tell you that he would not give up his hope in Christ for the wealth of the world!

I hail that new-born brother from the sea.—There is a man the more in the world. There is a soul created; where before was only a wild, thoughtless, reckless mer-man on the sea—madman on the shore. Reasonable now, pious, temperate, correct in morals and in manners, and becoming intelligent and manly, and useful to the world without ruining himself—that rescued man pleads powerfully the cause of his brethren. There are already many of these rescued men; from six to ten thousand, it is computed in the world; and six or seven hundred ship-*masters*, who are deemed to be men of a religious spirit and ready to help on the good work. There are seventeen thousand members of the Marine Temperance Society, in this city; and of our six hundred American whale ships, every one, it is believed, is a temperance ship; and our vessels of war are fast assuming the same character. And I deem it not an uninteresting fact in this connection, that within the last year, $ 15,000 have been sent by sailors from "the Home," in this city, to their friends in various parts of the country.—That kindly home has made them think of other homes, and its regular and temperate habits have enabled its inmates to befriend their kindred.'

OBSTACLES TO THE TRUTH.

We find the following review of Mr Sargent's Sermon, 'Obstacles to the truth', in a recent number of the Boston Post.

The pamphlet, whose title is above given in full, contains, in addition to the sermon, a correspondence which has lately taken place between Mr Sargent and the executive committee of the Unitarian fraternity of churches, relative to an exchange of pulpits between the former and Rev. Theodore Parker, of West Roxbury.—As long as the sermon was to be published at all, it would appear that the author was willing, nay wished to show to the world the reason of its having been preached, by exhibiting all that had occurred on the subject.

In this right, both sermon and correspondence make but one whole, and that whole is the dispute or disagreement between Mr. Sargent and the fraternity of churches. With this disagreement the public is already partially acquainted, but it may be summed up in a few words. Mr. Sargent, as the minister of Suffolk street chapel, received his appointment and salary from the fraternity of churches, a body professing Unitarian doctrines—the various pastors and people *disagreeing*, it might be, on some things, but *agreeing* on what are held to be the leading and essential articles of faith. Mr. Sargent conceived, as a liberal christian, that he had a right to exchange with any ordained minister, professing christianity, and he has accordingly exchanged with clergymen of various denominations, and latterly, on one occasion, with Mr. Parker. To his former exchanges no objection had been made by the fraternity of churches, but after that with Mr. Parker he received an official letter from its executive committee, which in brief expressed the disapproval of the fraternity at his conduct, and a desire that he would bind himself to do so no more. After one or two letters on each side, Mr Sargent received an acceptance of his resignation of his pulpit and pastoral trust; and this is as the case stands at present.

Before giving an opinion on the matter, it may be well to say that Mr Sargent is as beloved as he is respected at the southern portion of the city—that he has given his time and means to the cause in which he has been engaged, and that he is well known as a *good man*, the highest title upon earth. He denies, moreover, his sympathy with Mr Parker in his leading opinions, and contends that the mere fact of his exchanging with him does not countenance his doctrines. In the second place, as regards the sermon, it is an earnest and simple expression of the thoughts of a spirited and sincere man.

But to the question itself. It appears to be a settled point, that if a body of Christians, holding certain doctrines to be essential, institute and maintain a pulpit for the good of the poor, or for any other reason, they have a *natural, legal and moral right* to have their own doctrines preached from such pulpit. Now it is well known that Mr Parker, of Roxbury, does neither hold nor preach Unitarianism, as it is generally held, and it is idle to say that he does. Hence the Fraternity of Churches have the *right* to prohibit the ministers of their chapels from admitting him into their pulpits, and it does not alter the case one title, because clergymen of the orthodox and other denominations have occasionally preached in such chapel, without calling down a rebuke from the Fraternity. The latter fact does not interfere with the rights of the Fraternity, although it may exonerate Mr Sargent from all blame, in exchanging with Mr Parker. And we would here remark that the great outcery made by the sufferers and their friends, when such a right is exercised, about 'stifling the truth,' &c. &c. is unmanly and unjust.

For in the eyes of the Fraternity, for instance, Mr Parker's doctrines are *error*, not *truth*, and it follows that if *truth* does not wish to be stifled, she must *hire* a place for herself to be heard in, and not thrust herself into other people's houses, *for the sake of being persecuted*. It might be supposed, moreover, by an uninterested person, that the Fraternity know as much about truth as either Mr Parker, Mr Pierpont, or Mr Sargent, although the writer of this does not fear to say that he held most of Mr Parker's notions long before the latter gentleman came out with such force and eloquence. The trouble seems to be that men are agreed perfectly as to virtue and goodness, but that, as regards doctrine, *that* only is truth to each man, what each man holds to be true. Hence the folly of quarrelling in the matter, or holding that the preaching of new doctrines is the progress of truth.

But to resume. On the other hand, it rested with Mr Sargent, either to receive the rebuke, or orders, or advice of the Fraternity, with submission, and govern himself accordingly; or to withdraw, as he did do, from his situation.—And all the above might, and we think did take place, without the least wrong on either side. As to the *expediency* of the Fraternity's shutting their doors against Mr Parker, and as to whether Mr Sargent has or has not been a little too *spunky*, as the expression is, we have nothing to say. On both these questions, there are almost as many different opinions as different people who give them, and of these things, the parties interested are quite as capable of judging as their bystanders. But of the *right* and *wrong* of a thing, any one may speak, and judging human nature as it is, we think it wrong to blame the Fraternity for not allowing one whom the great body of Unitarians believe to be almost an Infidel, to preach in their pulpits. As wrong is it to blame Mr Sargent for refusing to hold a fettered situation—he had a perfect right to leave it for this, for any, or for no cause. At the same time, he will probably find it hard to do any thing in this world, the conducting of which does not depend *the will and discretion of others, as well as upon his own.*

And this brings us to another 'exciting topic' of the day—'An Independent Pulpit'! As long as ministers depend upon their parishioners for support, there can be, in theory, *no such thing*. It is true, that a clergyman who is respected and beloved, may have a wide range of subject, thought and expression, and no one murmurs. But there is a mark somewhere, and if he goes beyond it, there will be trouble in the church. But we sincerely believe that an honest clergyman, not entirely destitute of prudence, (a virtue, by the way, as well as sincerity,) has as wide a range as is needful for the real good of his people. And if he has that good at heart, and is fitted for his calling, by a large heart, a sound mind, and a knowledge of mankind, his pulpit is, *in practice*, as *independent* as anything need be in this world.—But if he be gifted with a hankering after new things, with a desire to ride on hobbies to the exclusion of all other things, if he have a propensity to say unpleasant things for no reasonable purpose, if he have more enthusiasm than judgment, more *other* sense than common sense, more spite than Christian feeling, then the pulpit of such an one is not and never will be independent.

True clergymen are not sectarian reformers, and the confounding of the two is an arrant mistake of the times. Reformers expect, or ought to expect, to meet with obstacles, and 'verily, they have their reward.' True clergymen point the way to heaven by precept and example—what have they to do with new lights, new theories, new hobbies? *Heaven is the same as ever, and the road thereto*, and he who leads the way that Jesus led, is *independent*, whether in pulpit or in pew. But it is nonsense to suppose that people will willingly pay, in the long run, for the promulgation of doctrines which are opposed to their own settled belief. It may be asked, what then is the use of preaching at all? but there is no necessity for answering the question. As long as pastors preach *religion*, their pulpits *are* independent, but when they preach *doctrines*, whether secular or theological, they must expect to make enemies. If these enemies continue unconvinced, and are strong in numbers and in influence, they must expect to live in a hornet's nest, and they may grumble as much as they please at the stings of the insects—but the grumbling will not help the matter. G. D.

THE SECRETS OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

The following account of himself, taken down as related by a converted Roman Catholic priest of probity and intelligence, may interest the reader, as throwing some light upon the policy of the Jesuits.

L. is a native of Turin and an only son. He was brought up to the priesthood in a college, where out of more than one hundred and forty pupils, not one of them possessed a bible. When about fifteen, he began to reflect on some of the Popish doctrines, and with difficulty procured a Latin Bible, which he read, and was partially enlightened. When eighteen, the principal of the Jesuits visited the college, and thinking him likely to be useful, pronounced that he had a decided vocation for that order. He told L. that the Jesuits were like Christ himself; that like Him they were persecuted and abused; and as he lay three days in the grave and rose again, so they had been for a time destroyed; but now was their resurrection; and that ere long they would have power in all kingdoms of the earth.

These arguments prevailed over his unwillingness, but it was also necessary to have the consent of his parents, and his mother was distracted at the idea, for the Jesuits are taught literally to hate their parents. Her confessor told her it was a mortal sin to oppose her son's vocation, and threatened her with perdition; so she consented. He entered the Jesuit's college, and became a great favorite with the superior, who treated him like a son; but he was entirely separated from the other pupils, except during their studies. One was given him as a companion, and he had his meals always in his own room. This continued for two or three months, when he got exceedingly weary of it, and in very low spirits. Having free access to the superior's room, he one day went to ask permission to go out 'alone,' (for his companion was always by his side.) On entering he found no one there, and passed into an inner room which was a library, intending to wait till the superior should return. All the doors of the college opened on the inside, so that no one could enter from without unless with a key. He shut the door, and took a book down to divert the time; he was surprised to see behind, a second row of books, and on removing one, behind that a third row. He opened a volume, and found it contained confessions, arranged alphabetically according to the names of the individuals. The Jesuits are confessors to all the noble families in Turin and almost throughout all Italy; these were their confidential communications. Thus a Jesuit on entering a family, by looking in the books of his order, becomes perfectly acquainted with the character of each individual. L. turned to his own initial, and there found every word he had confessed since he entered, together with remarks on his capacities. He was horror-struck, and on looking further he discovered a fourth row of books which contained the confessions of all the ladies of Turin. He had just replaced all these for fear of detection, and had his hand on the lock of the door to go out, when he heard a number of people enter the next room. He then remembered that a visitation of the college was to take place that day by the general of the order, and that in passing through he had seen paper and pens on the table, as if for some special purpose. He drew back afraid of discovery, and for some minutes heard a great deal of laughing and loud talking; when suddenly a signal was given by the president, and it ceased. He then addressed the rest in a speech, giving a sketch of the Jesuit history, from its beginning, and declared the object of their present meeting, which was to deliberate on the best means of extending their power. L. sat down at a small table, and commenced writing down all he heard. There were things which horrified him in the secret councils, which lasted six hours, during the whole of which he continued to take notes.

The meeting, when their business appeared to have been despatched, became highly convivial, toasts being drunk to the Pope, &c. When they at length left the room and all was quiet, he could scarcely move, from having so long remained in the same position, also from the great fear he had been in the whole time; for had he been discovered he would have been sacrificed. He put his notes in his stocking and left—and fearing he might be discovered, if he went to his own room, descended to the chapel. He had only been there a few minutes, when he heard his own name repeatedly called, and one of the youths entering, asked where he had been for such a long time. He said, in the chapel. The other answered that he had been there a short time before, and he was not to be found. 'Perhaps I was away for a minute," said he. He said he did not want any supper he did not feel well, and would stay where he was till service commenced. After the service the superior called him, and on feeling his pulse pronounced him very ill, for he was in a fever with the excitement. He was sent to bed, and for some time was ill. On his recovery he went to the superior and told him he wished to leave; he had no vocation, and did not like the life. The superior told him he must not; and though he used gentle language, L. saw that he would not be allowed to leave; and so pretended to give way, but determined in his own mind to watch for an opportunity of escape. When he next went to confess, he spoke in a low voice, (they were desired to confess aloud 'a houte voix,' as being more humbling,) and his confessor told him to speak louder; he looked up and saw a ray of light behind, and within a person writing down every word he uttered. This confirmed his desire to escape, which eventually he found means of doing. He was afterwards a Roman Catholic priest, and is now a converted man, a Protestant. [Malta Times.

THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

This war raged from 1756 to 1763, and nearly all the European powers were engaged in it. It originated in a dispute between England and France, relating to the Canadas; the French encroached on a tract of country claimed by the English, in the wilderness, uncultivated, and uninhabited, excepting by savages; and this war has often been called 'a strife about so many acres of snow.' The miseries which it occasioned in the interior of Europe, have been seldom equalled; and at length the Grand Signior invited the European Ministers at his court to hold a conference, and after stating to them the great abhorrence he felt at the bloody war thus raging between so many Christian nations, offered his mediation for effecting a general peace. The offer of the Mohammedan peacemaker was not accepted, but rejected with pride and scorn, and hostilities were continued until poverty brought peace.

This war is represented by historians, as one of the most successful that England was over

engaged in. One hundred ships of war were taken from the enemy or destroyed, and nearly sixty millions of dollars acquired in prize money; but these glorious successes cost the nation 250,000 human beings, and about $ 600,000,000! The slaughter of the opponents and allies of Great Britain in this dreadful contest, was little less than 800,000 men! [Advocate of Peace.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1845.

THE ORDER OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

The habit of attending religious services every week, and the regular routine of those services, may lead some persons into a mechanical way of engaging in them, so that they shall consider their duty done if they merely rise and sit at the proper times. We cannot fail to be led to some useful thoughts, as the result of our attention, if we now examine the meaning of the parts of our public religious services, the order in which they are performed, and the purpose of the whole. It may refresh our interest, it may even quicken our devotion, thus to ask the reason and the object of a course of observances, which, from our having repeatedly passed through it may partake more of habit, than of fresh true feeling. Every individual, on entering a place of public worship, should realize the solemn purpose of his attendance.—Anything like gossip, or a discussion of the news, any loitering about the steps or the porch of the church, is equally unbecoming and irreverent. Punctuality, too, should be the aim of every one who is interested in the purpose of the assembly, and respects the interest which others have in it. When once within the doors and upon their seats, they who now appear as worshippers should collect and compose their thoughts, preparing their best feelings, opening their minds and hearts to good impressions, and bringing with them, from the world and their daily business, nothing more than the conviction that they have trials and dangers, which need, above all things, the solemn influences which are obtained in sincere worship.

There is something in the observances of different Christian sects, which we should do well to imitate, either in letter or in spirit. The Catholic, as he crosses the sacred portal, dips the pure water, and marks the holy sign upon his forehead and breast. We need not perform these actions, but we can think of the truths they are designed to express; the purity of purpose with which we should approach the altar, and the name of Christ, by and through whom we are taught to pray. Another denomination of Christians, on reaching their several places, repeat, interpally, a short preparatory prayer, that they may individually prepare themselves by worship of their own, to engage in the public service. If we object to any apparent formality in such an observance, then again we may keep to the spirit of it, while we perform no visible act. We are to remember, however, that all these practices may become mere habits, and lose their meaning and their power. Our fathers have handed down to us a simple and unostentatious mode of service. They selected it, as in keeping with convictions which they had formed in their own minds. If we retain it, we can infuse life into it only by sincere observance, and by making the best use of its mere simplicity.

As to the order and succession of the several exercises in which we engage, one or two remarks may be made. Christianity seems to have introduced, or at least to have sanctioned the committing of public religious services to the minister, who speaks and utters the prayers, and to the choir, who express the united praises of the congregation. As in the Jewish worship, the reader of the synagogue allowed any attendant to read and expound the law and the prophets, so in early Christian worship liberty was given to any well disposed person to offer a word of exhortation. Even now there are some in Christian societies, who wish that any one of the congregation may be allowed to share with the minister the exercises of teaching and prayer. But wherever the practice has been introduced, as in the first church of our ancestors, which was formed at Leyden, in Holland, and afterwards transferred to our own Plymouth, it has always resulted in confusion and dissatisfaction. A general consent now commits the office of public teaching to the minister alone.

In selecting an order of exercises, it is very natural for us to recur to ancient practices, and there seek authority for our own mode of worship. Yet in such a matter we all perceive that free choice should be exercised, and that all conditions of mere antiquity and custom ought to be put aside, if they stand in the way of the really most desirable effects which are to be produced. Still it may please us to be assured that the order which we observe, is, in all essential points, the same as that spontaneously followed by the Christians of the first two or three centuries, with the exception that the communion is not partaken of now, as it then was, upon every Sunday. The early authorities inform us that the public services of Christian worship consisted of extempore prayers, of the reading of the Scriptures, the illustration, confirmation, and application of their instructions, by the president or minister of the assembly, and of one or more sacred songs sung in the praise of God, and to the honor of Christ.

In that order we have most of us engaged, ever since we were able to understand the purpose of religious services. Any variation of its regularity would be noticed by us. Even the length or brevity of a single portion of it would excite remark. We know when to rise and when to sit. We all take the becoming posture, and persons who have a common regard for decorum, forego all whispering and smiling during the services. This is all the effect of mere habit; we have become accustomed to the order and the propriety. Now we may find some benefit in dwelling for a few moments upon the several parts of these services, asking their purpose, and what we must do to secure it; seeking their meaning, either as exciting feeling, or appealing to the reason, or addressed to the intellect.

The word 'worship' is applied to all the services. Many, when they speak that word, realize its meaning. They feel that it is a word connected with loftiest sentiments, with deep and reverential feelings, and with august truths. But there are others from whose lips that word worship drops with the familiarity and the apparent insensibility of their common household language. They say they worship in this or that church, neither meaning nor feeling anything more by the assertion, than if they said, as some do say, 'I own a pew in this or that church.' That word, worship, then, must be understood, and its meaning felt by all of us who would engage in the services to which it is applied. God is their object; man offers them to him. The best use of our highest powers, the concentration of our thoughts, the composure of our feelings, should be our preparation. We are to remember that we are to engage in them all; not merely to witness them, or to hear them, but to have a share in them; to offer them, from our hearts, and with our minds, that they fail not of connecting each one of us with their Supreme Object.

Man, bending at the footstool of the Almighty, would communicate to Him his feelings and his desires, and learn in return, reliance and trust. Surrounded by the manifestations of an all wise and holy God, instructed by revealed truth, and prompted by the aspirations of his own soul, he would refresh and strengthen every thing that is good within him, he would adore the mercy, and ask the will, and conform his heart to the appointment of his Maker.—Our worship is a spiritual worship: it does not ask or offer the aid of sacrifices or ceremonies; it finds within ourselves all the elements of a true oblation. Spiritual worship may be expressed or offered in three ways: by the voice, by the heart, and by the mind: that is, by praise, by prayer, and by attention to instruction concerning religion. Here, then, are the three parts of our services; praise, prayer and instruction. It matters little in what order they are arranged, and on this point we are left to consult our convenience.

PRAISE.

There is a convenience in commencing the service with praise, with the singing of a hymn. For, as it is difficult so to enforce punctuality upon the worshippers as to prevent interruption after the commencement of the services, the attention may be less distracted by such an interruption, during the singing of a hymn, than during the most solemn act of devotion. The singing of a hymn, from the earliest age of the Christian church, has formed a part of its public and domestic services. The power of the human voice to express, and the delight of the ear to hear the tones of melodious harmony, were thus early secured to aid in the worship of God. These bodily senses might otherwise have impeded the serious action of the mind and heart: they might have occupied themselves, and distracted the thoughts of the worshipper. But now these senses are engaged on the side of the soul, and aid its aspirations; give harmonious expression to its sighs and hopes, and in beautiful combinations of language, they hallow and elevate our conceptions of divine things.

There is a question how this part of our religious services should be performed; whether by the congregation in general, or by an especial selection from them. Our views on this point are mostly decided by education and habit. We generally approve the mode to which we are accustomed. Yet in opposition to this general tendency, it is not uncommon for some who have long been familiar with the practice of one body of Christians, to be strongly impressed by an occasional observance of a different practice. It may be the novelty or variety, rather than any greater excellence of the practice which is new to them, which leads them to prefer it.—Thus the mode of singing, practiced by the descendants of the persecuted Covenanters of Scotland, in which the whole congregation sing the hymn line by line, in one wide burst of praise, without the aid of choir or organ, which would not be tolerated by them: this mode may impress an occasional observer, as best adapted to promote sincere homage, and to produce a full effect. But a single harmonious strain may, under other circumstances, lead him to question his preference. That mode, undoubtedly, would be the best, could every individual join in it without discord, but as this is not possible, all may engage with their hearts, and share its effects upon their hearts, while a few perform the service. Well is it for all who have not the power of music in voice or ear, that the ingenuity of man has invented, and his piety has consecrated the solemn organ to the praise of God. That is an accompaniment of the human voice, which finds but few insensible to its sublime tones. Let that majestic instrument, that sweetest and noblest of all the devices of its art, ever be sacred to its high purpose. Let it imprison the viewless air, and give it back again to the heavens in harmonious tones: let it rouse and soothe, let it gladden and hush, let it inspire and bind with its holy spells, every element of devout feeling in our hearts. While revelry, and war, and innocent amusement, have each the instruments, whose sounds are congenial with passion, with earnage, or with gentle affection, let the most complete and imposing of all the instruments of music, ever be devoted to fill out the strains of devout and holy praise. Even the cherubim might find in its prolonged, swelling tones, a fit accompaniment to their songs.

Yet this service of praise may not engage the hearts of all worshippers, merely because they take no active part in it. We ought all to fix our devotion upon it while it lasts. We should dwell on the words and sentiments of the hymn, and catch each note of music as the strain leaves the earthly temple to rise to heaven. Independent of the effect of each single note, there are other religious influences combined with sacred music; such as the wonderful power of the human voice, the ingenuity which trains many voices to measure and to harmonize their tones; the chain of sympathy which moves many hearts in common. These influences ally themselves to what is most mysterious in human nature, and well nigh prove that such capacity for praise in men assures the existence and the glory of the object of praise in the supreme and invisible God. If once, and only once in our mature life, all the combined influences of sacred song and deep toned organ pipes should greet our ears, the strains would vibrate in our ears as long as they fulfilled their functions.—They would echo in our dreams, and impress our memories, as if we had listened for one moment to the fabled music of the heavenly spheres. Custom should not deaden us to these influences. Pure and true devotion can keep them fresh, and make them always effective.—Let no individual who has entered the church for worship, and left it unimpressed, utter a complaint that worship cannot make him better, unless he has sought with his whole soul to unite in the songs of praise. If he have not an ear for music, he may have a heart for its holy sympathies, and a mind for its mysterious union of mysterious agencies. Such, then, is the meaning of one of one of the three parts of our public services.

PRAYER.

And after the voice has offered its homage in tones of melody, the feelings, the hearts of the worshippers, next unite in the solemn service of prayer. Sincerity stands first of all among the qualifications, the essentials of that service, whether the prayer be read from the book, or, prompted by the feelings of the moment, and uttered in the words which come to aid the expression of true feeling. This prime essential of sincerity in the service, is the great condition of its effect, both on God and on man. Let, then, the sincerity of that service be all in all with us. At the proper moment we take the attitude of prayer, and stand or kneel in silent homage to commune with our Maker. But while we take that attitude, we may forget, or slight its solemn meaning. Our thoughts may wander, we may not follow and unite with the petitions that are expressed: if so, we are in danger of acting the part of a hypocrite.—We stand as if we were senseless, unfeeling blocks of stone. Consider what an appearance we should make to our fellow-worshippers, should they know of our indifference. Consider what an appearance we do make to that all seeing eye, that marks our indifference.—Depend upon it that we need the influence of that service of prayer. We may call it a form; we may call it, in our secret heart, a delusion; but we cannot engage in it sincerely and heartily, without feeling,—feeling deeply and intensely, that there is a part of our nature upon which it has as real and as grateful an effect as has the cool mountain spring, the balmy air, the song of birds upon other parts of our nature. Let us give our thoughts to it, and we shall feel, as we have never felt before, the power, and sublimity, and mystery of thought; let us consecrate by it our joys and fears, our hopes and sorrows, and we shall feel, as we have never felt before, that the only light which breaks in upon our path, which can guide, cheer, and bless us, is that which comes from spiritual communion with God.

And let this service claim our sincerity, in sharing in it, when we remember that there are those around us who are praying with their hearts, and are feeling in their hearts that it is wise, and needful and good to pray. Think what various experiences, what numerous trials, what lonely sufferings, what a weight of burdens, fears and cares, are all cheered by that service, in the united worship of a large body of human beings. Near us may be one who has been raised from a dangerous sickness; one whose enfeebled frame permits only a rare and occasional opportunity for worship; one who is thinking of a dear departed friend; one who is experiencing the most anxious spiritual strugglings. Such as these there are,—yes, and of many more classes, in every large body of worshippers. We know what changes one short week may work in the hearts, the lives, the happiness of our neighbors. These changes come with them to the house of prayer. Let their deep sincerity, which we cannot question, move us to feel, and then we too shall pray.

As to the form of language, the subjects and proprieties of public prayer, but little need be said, and that little is suggested by the great condition of sincerity. For sincerity will lead to simplicity and earnestness; it will suggest fitting words and proper tones; how our petitions should be spoken, and what they should comprehend. In that service we are all brethren, and we commence it with the simple words which express our common relation to our Maker—'Our Father.' With the feelings and sympathies of brethren, we express adoration, gratitude, penitence, supplication and trust. We remember what we are and what we have, what we suffer, and what we enjoy, what we ought to be and what we need. The answer to our prayers we do not expect in a visible outstretched hand, or in an audible speaking voice. In the heart which offers the petition we are to receive and feel the reply. If we have prayed sincerely, we have prayed effectually. God's arm is not shortened that it cannot save. Just as truly as we live at the command of a power out of ourselves, in a world of sublime manifestations, in a life of moral meaning, just so truly does a heartfelt prayer work a gentle, a peaceful and a holy influence over all that is within us.

DISCOURSE.

Finally, when the voice and the heart have performed their parts in our sacred services, the mind exercises its functions by attention to religious instruction. The reading of the Scriptures designates them as the perpetual, the exhaustless source from which this instruction is to be drawn. Age after age they have served to throw a heavenly light upon the various paths through which as mortal men we walk. From the beginning to the close of that sacred book, differently as the theme may be treated, it contains but one theme, the relation of man to his Maker. The sermon, whether it be spoken or written, is to illustrate that book, and to be sanctioned by it. If this be true, the text, instead of being as some may think it, a trivial matter when compared with the sermon, is in reality a very important matter. That discourse which cannot be intimately connected with some portion of the Scripture, is less appropriate for the pulpit than for some other places. When a text of Scripture has once been discoursed upon, the text should always suggest to an attentive hearer, some great lesson, it should be illustrated, or verified, to his mind, and should enforce in full power the meaning of its single words.

It is the object of the sermon to impart instruction, to excite feeling, and to urge to duty. A vast variety of subjects connected with the wants, the sins, the obligations, the capacities, the trials, the sorrows of humanity, are to be illustrated by the spiritual counsels of revealed truth. In the course of a year many of those subjects will be presented in their just order, so that the regular attendants upon the service will hear sooner or later the instruction which they may chiefly seek. Yet it is to be remembered, that it is not always easy in each sermon to meet the feelings of each individual in a mixed audience. Some may have cause to say 'we have piped unto you, and ye have not danced, we have mourned unto you and ye have not lamented.' They have come with cheerful spirits to the house of God, and have heard a sad lesson. They have entered it bowed down with affliction, and the voice and theme of the preacher have not been in sympathy with their stricken souls. Such may be, such often is, the case. It is so necessarily and unavoidably. There is the bridal bonnet, and the mourning weeds, there is one, relieved for a season from watching at the bed of sickness, and one, who for years has known no sensation but that of joy. There are the young, for whom the words of wisdom must be made light and cheerful, and the aged, who look for sedateness and full assurance. There are the sceptical, who require a balancing of reasons, and a statement of doubts; there are the well assured believers, who love not the moving of disputed points, but seek that truth may be taken as established, and wielded as a well proved weapon. Of these various classes, some will be disappointed in one service, some in another. But all should seek to find satisfaction in the confident conviction, that all the lessons of the pulpit are needed by some among them, and that perhaps the time may come when it will be good for them to all recall what they have once heard.

Such then is an imperfect exhibition of the meaning of the parts of our service and of the design of the whole of them. By one simple test, each of us may know whether our voices, our hearts and our minds, have engaged in the public worship of God—i. e. we do leave the temple better than we entered it—with purer intentions, with worthier purposes, with loftier aims—with more of submission, reliance, peace, hope, charity and faith!

DUELLING IN CONGRESS.

It will be remembered that after the melancholy duel between Mr. Graves and Mr. Cilley, and the awful fatality in which it resulted, the indignation of the community rose to such a pitch, and expressed itself in so earnest a manner that the representatives of the people in our General Government were compelled to take some action to suppress the atrocious custom of a resort to single combat. Congress passed a law, which enacted that, if a member of either of the legislative bodies sent or accepted a challenge to a duel, he should forthwith be expelled from his seat and office. The public received this enactment with approbation, believing that it would do very much towards rectifying and annulling that puerile and contemptible persuasion which exists in some quarters that to give or to receive a challenge is proof of high chivalry. But Congress has only deceived the public, and should now be held to comply with the terms of its own enactment. Recently two members have come under its condemnation, having left their seats and the district to go and meet each other in single combat. Preliminary measures were attempted in Congress for the sake of inquiring into the affair, with a view to arraign the offenders, but these measures were at once opposed by a vote of 106 to 82. Congress thus refused to investigate the affair; it proved treacherous to its own recognized duty. Upon what times have we fallen! What fate is before us! To what ruin are we tending!

ENGLISH DISSENTERS' CHAPELS BILL.

While this very important legislative measure was passing through its various stages before the British Parliament, and at the time of its passage, it was understood or agreed that certain cases then in litigation should be decided according to the fate which it met with, and then according to its provisions. The measure was suggested and carried through at a very critical moment for the interests of our English and Irish brethren. While it was pending, of course, much anxiety was felt, and after it was passed great relief was experienced. Its triumph has highly encouraged our brethren. Extensive efforts and outlays are now made by them for the repair and decoration of the Chapels which are insured to their use, and with the zeal which has thus been quickened among themselves, and the information which has been circulated concerning their views, we may hope that an advance will be made in their prosperity and their increase. The first case which has come up to receive a treatment conformed to the provisions of the new Bill, is a Chapel owned and occupied by Unitarians in Eustace Street, Dublin. Every possible shift and subterfuge was availed of by the opposing party to non-suit the rightful holders of it; the most shadowy pleas and the least promising evasions were devised, but all to no purpose. The Chancellor ruled according to justice, and the Chapel is secured to the Unitarians. We congratulate our brethren upon this successful test of the value of a measure which, though it concern material property, gold, and silver, and brick and mortar, is by no means trifling or valueless in relation to the interests of spiritual truth and righteousness.

ENGLISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

The London Record, newspaper, presents some facts which show the great increase of the more substantial forms of periodical literature. We presume the writer intended to confine his remarks entirely to the enumeration of the new religious magazines, for he has not mentioned some recently established periodicals of a more secular character. It can hardly be possible that religious thought and interest will stagnate in Great Britain under such a quarterly reinforcement of periodical material as is enumerated by the Editor. He dates the change, which has taken place, about sixteen years ago, but he might have said eight years, or even less. He says:

'Up to that period 'two great quarterly journals, representing two leading opinions, the 'Liberal' and the 'Conservative,' entirely monopolized the public attention. They enjoyed a sale of about 10,000 or 11,000 each, while various attempts to establish a similar work, of a theological character, successively failed.

But what do we now behold? The 1st of January, 1845, will witness *six* quarterly journals, all, more or less, of a theological cast, each representing, too, some distinct party in the church, and each obtaining a moderate sale; while the old *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* have fallen to some 7,000 or 8,000 each.

1. We have the *Church of England Quarterly*, whose character is not so easy to describe, in as much as Lord John Manners and Mr. Hartwell Horne have written in the same number.

2. There is Dr. Worthington's *Quarterly*, to which Mr. Gladstone is supposed to lend his aid.

3. The *British Critic* being suppressed, Mr. Palmer commenced the *English Review* in its room, which of course speaks the sentiments of the moderate Tractarians.

4. But the Oakley and Ward party being dissatisfied with this, have turned the *Remembrancer* into a quarterly, which of course gives us Tractarianism in full blossom.

5. The Congregationalists are about to start their own quarterly in January, to be edited by Dr. Vaughan, and,

6. The *North British* is already in its second volume, under the guidance of Dr. Welsh and Dr. Chalmers.

Besides which, we have the *Dublin Review*, the *Foreign Quarterly*, and others, for smaller sections of the public, not included in the above view.

But the chief point to which we are adverting, is this;—The increased interest shown by the public, in theological discussion. Each quarter-day we have a mass of printed investigation, amounting, in all, to above *fifteen hundred pages*, thrown upon the public, and all taken up and devoured.'

For the Register.

THE LEVITICAL SACRIFICES, AND THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST.

NO. V.

The blood of Christ has therefore its great and sole significance in its thus being 'in itself a proper and mighty energy to promote the justification of the soul.' Its whole influence is moral. I will not say, indeed, that it may not possibly extend further than man's imperfect vision can reckon, or revelation now teaches; but its whole influence for us is moral. Our faith has no concern with it any further. The 'atonement which we have now received by Christ (Rom. 5: 11,) is the effect which his death has on our hearts, in making them correspond with God's true service in an obedient life, in a better sense than the blood of atonement in the Jewish ritual made the worshippers and the sanctuary externally at one. Atonement is reconciliation, nothing but reconciliation—the reconciliation, not of God to man by any substitution of his only-begotten to meet the demands of the divine law in man's stead, but the reconciliation of men's hearts to God, the purification of their moral sentiments and feelings, of their minds and hearts from all ignorance and sin, all unprofitable thoughts and doings, to serve the living God. The offering of Christ in his life and death, is the great efficacious moral power to turn men to God. And it is the ever-enduring power. 'If the blood of bulls, of goats, and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh, *how much more* shall the blood of Christ, who through the [by an] eternal spirit offered himself, without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.* No language could better express the moral nature alone of Christ's death, than this of the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews. And it expresses also, in the clause '*by an eternal spirit*,' the *ever-enduring* spiritual efficacy of his death. His death was once for all; its moral influence shall be perpetual. To serve the living God, to have our sentiments and principles purified for such a service, this is worthy the mission of Jesus; worthy all his teachings, his sufferings, and death; worthy all the sacred institutions he established to promote it; worthy the institution of his Church, his Baptism, his Supper, by which we remember him, and, through our contemplation of all that he has done, have our purposes continually renewed, our hearts and lives assimilated to his. And so shall it be, thou 'Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world'—takest it away by the power of thy life, and character, and doctrine, and spirit—takest it away by thy moral power, as thou didst take away men's sicknesses and diseases by the power of thy miraculous word. Sacrifice of nobler name, and richer efficacy, than the sacrifices of old! Offering for man, as it teaches us also to be like-minded with thyself, to offer up our bodies and spirits a living sacrifice to be obedient unto death!

We have, we most sincerely judge, come naturally, rationally and scripturally, to the views above expressed respecting the nature of the Jewish sacrifices, and their introduction into the Mosaic dispensation. Our guide has been the express declarations and the clear scope of the Bible. Of consequence, those passages in the New Testament referring to the death of Christ in language borrowed from the Jewish ritual, expressed not the nature of that death, but were intended to reach men's minds through modes of thought familiar to them as Jews, or as those not unacquainted with sacrifices. In short, the language borrowed from the Jewish ritual to express the nature of Christ's death, must be local and figurative. We must seek for ourselves the meaning as founded in general Christian truths and principles, which lie deep below the forms of local and figurative language. Most certainly it is a fact, and is acknowledged so by one who entertains opposite views from our own of the nature of Christ's death,—that 'what was adapted to the Hebrews in the days of Paul; nay, what was absolutely indispensable for their instruction, reproof, and confirmation, may, in many respects, be scarcely appropriate to us in our condition and circumstances. So far as what was said to them was founded in general Christian truths and principles, just so far we may be instructed and guided by it.'† We have endeavored to separate, and we think successfully, what was local and Jewish in the mode of presenting the doctrine of the death of Christ, from what is Christian and universal. Our salvation has therefore nothing to do with receiving the death of Christ in any sense of the Jewish sacrifices, in any sense of veritable expiation. How miserable to be sent plodding our long way through those 'beggarly elements', in order to come to the simple Gospel! It is the old troublesome heresy prevalent in Apostolic times, perpetuated—the insisting on a man's becoming a Jew in order to be a Christian. Even if those sacrifices could be called a *type* of Christ's sacrifice, it is strange they should be made a key or impress, whose actual counterpart should be sought in the thing typified. An apostle in speaking of Adam as 'the figure' or *type* 'of him that was to come,' expressly declares that '*not* as the offence so also is the free gift,' Rom. v. 14, 15. So if those sacrifices may be called a *type* of Christ's death, the difference is greater and more important than the resemblance.

* Prof. Stuart's Comm. on Hebrews, pp. 274, 275.
† Hebrews, ix. 13, 14.

For the Register.

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.

The ninth Anniversary of the opening of this Institution was celebrated on Sunday evening last. Several hymns and chants were sung in an excellent manner by the choir connected with the Chapel. A sermon was preached by Rev. F. D. Huntington from Ecclesiastes iv. 13, and Proverbs xiii. 7. 'Better is a poor and wise child, than an old and foolish king who will no more be admonished.' 'There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing; there is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.' The aim of the discourse was to show the relative value of wealth and virtue, riches and character, the mutual dependence of the rich and the poor, and the duties of the former class towards the latter. He adverted to the noble object of the Institution, to elevate, exalt and dignify the character, to Christianize the less favored class of the community; and he earnestly appealed to the liberality of his hearers to aid with their contributions the good cause. Rev. Mr. Mr. Barnard then made some remarks stating the wants of the Institution, and asking the liberal aid of his hearers. The Chapel was neatly adorned with evergreen and flowers, the audience was large, and the exercises were all of a very interesting nature. We hope that the collection was large, and that the Institution will always receive the support which it so eminently deserves. G.

For the Register.

HOSPITALITY OF 'THE CHURCH.'

My thoughts, Mr. Editor, turn this morning with particular intensity to one of the churches of our city—claiming, beyond doubt, a conspicuous place among its sisters,—where the ill-success of occasional visitors and worshippers is fast tending to become a proverb. Possibly indeed that time has arrived already. It may be thought from the date of this notice, that the writer is giving vent to the first, fresh impulse of vexation, not a day old, and which therefore has had no time to cool. But it is not so. He is rather giving the results of an oft-repeated experience within two years past; and evident enough it has been during that time, that he does but share in a common misfortune. He never fails to see those who, like himself, are pacing the porch long after the service has begun within. He never fails to be accosted, once and again the same day,—often by well-dressed females—to 'know if he can tell where the sexton was to be found.' At an early stage of his experience, he answered such inquiries in his simplicity,—that 'he was probably engaged at the moment, and would soon appear.' But he has learned more wisdom from time. When the like question for the sexton, was put to him yesterday (by a lady again), your correspondent was constrained to tell her, 'that to his knowledge, *nothing of the sort* had ever yet been seen in that porch.' He has observed these disheartened seekers, after a while—and that too, of both sexes, and more than once,—descend the steps to find a kindlier hospitality elsewhere. This was his own sad predicament yesterday, and has been such before. For this state of things, what will it be thought, is the apology? The difficulty was stated some weeks ago to one who is an active member of the society; and in reply 'he confessed that this was a sore evil, and they were all fully aware of it. It had been a matter of debate over and over at the proprietors' meeting, what remedy could be found; but as there were no pews which the sexton felt to be at his disposal, he relieves himself from the embarassments to which he is in consequence subjected, by *keeping out of the way*.' The writer will not take upon him to solve, whether it be most likely that this answer satisfied those who gave it;—or only, that it was hoped it might satisfy those for whom it was meant. But does it not occur to mind, that of such as at times are led to some other house of worship than their own, all are not, *literally*, strangers. They have friends,—acquaintances at least,—in the society, to whose pews they would feel no scruple in being shown. The names of these friends are much more familiar to them than their *numbers*; and in this dilemma, the presence of the sexton, (if he would have the grace to show himself) would be very convenient and pleasant. (Some one made a suggestion like this, yesterday, in the porch, who was precisely thus situated.) But, to pass by this consideration, however sufficient;—for there is no need to dwell upon it,—is there anything in the reason above alleged, so very peculiar to the church in question? Is it not equally true of several others, that there is not a pew either to be purchased or hired? In those assemblies however, where there is a press for room, and at the same time the attractions of the preacher require that it be turned to the utmost account, vanity conspires with politeness in the occupants, to provide against the exigency. Even in these much-prized churches, there are, for one cause or another, pews upon which the sexton knows that he can count as *virtually* open; while the gratified owners of many others, (who have a seat or two usually to spare) instruct him that they are, when occasion calls, at his disposal. But it is not perhaps quite clear or certain, that the want of a conductor at the house now in mind, is the only bar in a chance-visitor's way. Many persons, the writer notices, venture even within the inner door, and take their places in the passage-way in the rear of the pews;—whether urged on by their religious fervor, or their confidence of a good reception, it might be a nice point to settle. But if the last, it is not long probably before they begin to feel some risings of skepticism. There did your correspondent witness yesterday eight or ten individuals, he thinks; quite at loss what further to do with themselves, and in whom 'patience had her perfect work.' Many an exploring eye was cast along either avenue, if haply they might descry a sign of vacant space, or a beckoning hand. But—forgive our frankness—the deficiencies of the sexton do not seem to be supplied by the promptness of his employers; and, singular as the fact may seem, a *reverted* eye would appear, in such cases, to be the rarest of all sights. It will be thought, very likely, high presumption in a censor to throw in a word of advice, where his own benefit in common with other unfortunates, is, it will be said, the modest end in view. And yet a remedy there is for the evil; a partial one perhaps, but surely obvious enough. That same rear-passage, just mentioned, is of width easily to admit, without impeding any one's motions, short settees or a few chairs, where those who now stand, might sit, and though they cannot *see*, might *hear*. Probably for even this they would gratefully compound. Whether the church which has drawn forth these hints, be a mile from the Common or *nearer*, it is of little significance to inquire. Doubtless, if diligent search be made the coming Sunday through the heart of the city, they who have curiosity in the matter, would not find their labor utterly in vain.

CULTOR DEORUM FRUSTRATUS.

Monday morning.

No. 38 LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. For contents see advertising columns. A new volume, and the year has just commenced. By T. H. Carter & Co.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Discourse preached at the South Congregational Church in Boston, on the First Sunday in the year. By F. D. Huntington, Minister of the South Congregational Society. Not Published. Boston: Leonard C. Bowles. 1845.

This was a beautiful and appropriate Sermon for the occasion on which it was delivered, the first Sunday in the year. The writer says in a prefatory note, 'Few Sermons that are preached are less adapted for publication than this one. It is entirely local in its character and relates to such topics as cannot be of interest beyond the circle of the Congregation that listened.' This is given as the reason why the discourse is 'not offered for general distribution, but only printed for the gratification of private feelings.' This may be true as a general proposition, yet we feel confident that this Sermon will be read with interest by every one into whose hands it may fall, and upon every one who reads it will leave valuable impressions, impart comfort, consolation and guidance. We extract the following passages.

'And first let me tell you how remarkable the fact has been, in our case, respecting the extent of mortality. If to be exempt from the visitations of death is a mercy,—if to have few of our dwellings filled with funereal darkness, and to have few names added to the list of those who have taken up their

'Chambers in the silent halls of death,'—

if this is a blessing, then we have been richly blessed indeed. You will probably be as much surprised as I have been, to know how unusually limited the number is of those who have deceased, within the circle of our own congregation, during the year 1844. That number has included but three adult persons, and only seven of all ages. From the 29th of May to the 25th of October—a period embracing about five months—the burial services of our religion were not performed over the mortal remains of a single individual of this parish. I cannot record so extraordinary an instance, and none of us ought to contemplate it, without a devout thanksgiving to Him who holds our life and breath in his Almighty hand, for that kindness that has so spared us. It seems almost like an exception to the ordinary laws and procedures of Providence; it is certainly an exception to the common course of human events. Look on the assembly of worshippers that are gathered each Sabbath within these walls—an assembly comprising more than two hundred different families, besides a large body of persons not connected with families of their own—and you will be impressed with wonder that the finger of dissolution has touched but those few only, out of all these living forms. It is not probable that any society in the city, of such numerical extent as this, has been so free from bereavements. Nor can we expect to be so free again. Such an exemption can hardly occur a second time within the same limits. Let us be prepared for a changed lot. Let us see to it that we be not spared—'let alone this year also'—only to be cumberers of the ground. Let us not forget that we are perishable and frail and must all die; and while we are grateful that our probation is lengthened out, let us be careful so to use it that it shall not have been prolonged only to multiply our transgressions, only to increase our sin and shame, only to enhance our guilt, only to give intenser bitterness to our remorse, and to bring upon us a heavier retribution.'

* * * * *

'There have been some cases, in the course of the year, of very sudden, unexpected death. Such providences afford a distinct subject for meditation, of themselves,—and a very serious and religious meditation it ought always to be. The blow that is so unforeseen, that falls so abruptly and strikes down a familiar form from our side, is not felt at first in all its heaviness and poignancy by those who are most nearly affected by it. The sensibilities are in some degree stunned. It takes a little time to recover from the first shock, and to realize what a terrible thing has happened to us. The full tide of grief does not flow till afterwards. With those who are a little farther removed, however, it is not so. They who only held a passing and accidental intercourse with the deceased—the community in which he moved—are most struck and overpowered when the intelligence first comes upon them. They are awed for a moment, at such a quick operation of the great law of destruction. They find it hard to believe that one who mingled so lately, so but yesterday, a living and active being amid them—one whom they saw, and never associated with ideas of decay—that such an one should be motionless and liteless, and hidden in the place of ashes—the distant and closed tomb. They pause and reflect and the countenance is sad, and some momentous thoughts start up in the mind, as sudden as the death was. For a moment at least, however soon the worldly heart may succeed in putting reflection out of the way again, and struggle to forget it,—for one moment at least, eternity, with all its tremendous realities, is brought up face to face before the soul. The invisible is thrown open. The veil seems to be lifted up. The curtain, that hides futurity, is torn asunder. The silence seems to be broken, and God speaks audibly and aloud to his children. The voice in which he speaks we must sooner or later hear; and the words he utters are, 'Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.' 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Foolish beings that we are, ever to try to put reflection out of the way; ever to attempt to forget how liable our breath is at any moment to cease, and the swift vital current in our veins to stop; ever to wish to resist the gentle and gracious admonition, sent to save us from being overtaken with unlooked for misery, and to secure us calmness and steadfastness and cheerful hope, in that hour when we shall need it most! The lessons of sudden death are very plain, and very affecting, and should be very abiding, and well learned by every wise and rational soul. Let them not have been bestowed on us in vain. 'I say unto all, Watch, for ye know not the day, nor the hour, when your Lord doth come; watch, lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping.'

* * * * *

'Occasionally during the year I have been called somewhat accidentally to offer burial prayers over those who had never an established relation with us as a society. They had friends in our number, and that accounted for my being there. One young man especially, from a distant and foreign country, became an occasion of a sad kind of interest to me, although I never saw him that I am aware, till I saw him in his coffin. From what I learned of him, and of expressions that fell from him in his sickness, I could have wished that many other young men could have known and pondered what went on in his heart. If they were reckless or irreligious before, I believe it might lead them to a stronger love for the sanctuary, a more faithful and regular worship, a devouter consecration to the true objects of life, a closer fellowship with the good, more conscientious dealings and conversation, deeper principles, and a more practical exemplification of all the Christian virtues.

Another, under happier circumstances, returned from a long absence, by a toilsome and painful journey, dragging the load of a diseased constitution, just to lie down to his sleep with the ashes of his ancestors, in the companionship of his kinsmen. He had the blessed fulfilment of a hope natural and strong in human hearts, that he might die among his kindred, receive tender ministrations from those that cared for him, have the well-known hands of affection to close his eyes, and a real sorrow to perform the last Christian offices, and weep over his grave. These, and similar occurrences, have reminded me of one word of counsel which I am glad of an opportunity, in this connection, to address to you. Never fail, I pray you, whenever it is within your power, or whenever you can possibly bring it within your power,—never fail to show kindness to a stranger in his sickness.—It is one of the sweetest of charities, one of the noblest benefactions a humane spirit can bestow, and one of the most acceptable to Heaven.—

Make it a part of your religious duty. Thank God for every occasion to minister to a lonely, forsaken, desolate victim of disease. Do it not as a drudgery, for the invalid will detect that reluctance and it will be as a new sting to his delicate sensibility, but do it as a delight. No matter "if the last star" at day-dawn finds you "a watcher by his couch." It shall all be repaid to you a thousand fold. Let his languid eye rest on one friend, though never seen before. Let his sensitive ear hear soft and gentle whispers. There are those somewhere in the wide world, dear to him, ready to invoke precious favors on your head, for such sacrifices. How know you who shall smooth your own death-bed; or where that bed shall be; or whether it shall be smoothed at all! The fragrance of such deeds goes up like incense, a memorial to the Heaven of heavens. "Give but a cup of cold water," said he who was a shining example of this disinterested love, who always stayed to pity and stoop down and heal grief, the grief even of humble servants and blind beggars, and impotent and offensive and loathsome mendicants that he had never seen before,—"give but a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, and ye shall not lose your reward."

Proverbs, arranged in alphabetical order in two parts, adapted to all ages and classes of people, but especially designed for the young and the use of Schools. By William H. Porter. Boston: James Munroe & Company. 1845.

This is a very curious and entertaining book, full of 'wise sayings' applicable to all classes and conditions of life; and if it be true that 'a word to the wise is sufficient,' it is like to win its way from its brevity. It is a useful book to those to whom 'time is money,' since 'he that runs can read,' at least *one* of these pithy aphorisms—a book to be valued also, since it preserves much condensed wisdom that might otherwise be lost,—a pleasant book to the old, since it brings back to their memories and hearts, those watchwords of their *childhood* by which gentle hints were thus *given* to their wandering footsteps; and a no less pleasant, and more valuable book to the young; especially if, as in days 'lang syne,' to put an English proverb into Latin is still an exercise of the school. In those days, how would our hearts have exulted over such a collection. We gladly commend it to all as curious, instructive and entertaining. As a specimen we give the first proverb, from which the compiler has certainly profited.

A GREAT BOOK IS A GREAT EVIL.

'This saying was common among the Grecians, and has been found to be true, to a certain degree, in all ages of the world, since the publication of books; especially may it be said of the present, which is an age so conspicuously characterized for the multiplicity of its books, and the *bulk* of matter, rather than the amount of knowledge contained in them.

In the first place, the mind is so constituted, that it cannot, either with profit or pleasure, dwell a long time upon one and the same subject. It naturally seeks with eagerness something new. Hence it is, if we undertake to read or peruse a large volume, we soon become wearied, and contract a sort of disrelish for its contents, and thus are led to throw it aside perhaps before it is half finished, without having obtained the object of the author.

In the second place, amongst all the voluminous books we can find, there are but a few, if any, where the matter of which might not be expressed in a shorter and more concise manner.

The *last* reason we notice, and by no means the least in importance, is, that time is too precious to be wasted, especially at this age when so many new subjects and books are presented, which claim our attention, and without some knowledge at least of which the mind cannot rest satisfied.

THE SALUTE ON THE COMMON.

The news of the passage, on the part of the House of Representatives, of a joint resolution for the annexation of Texas, reached this city on Monday evening last; and, at 12 o'clock on Tuesday, a salute of, we know not how many guns, was fired on Boston Common, in honor and rejoicing for that event. We have no disposition to interfere with,—and, in ordinary cases, should feel it to be a departure from our appropriate sphere to notice, any public expression of feeling on the part of any political party in relation to any public measure, that had been adopted or proposed; but, in this instance, we cannot be silent, or forbear to express the sorrow and deep mortification we feel, that there should be, on the part of any of the citizens of Boston, of any political party, a disposition to rejoice over an event, which should fill the mind of every friend of constitutional government, of the diffusion of liberty and the progress of mankind, with emotions of shame and regret.

What is this event in itself considered?—What is it, as regards our own government, and the rights and powers conferred upon it by that instrument, which was once deemed sacred, and opposed to have some binding force,—*the Constitution of the United States*? We are not lawyers or statesmen. We make no claim to be profound expositors of the Constitution; but we do claim common intelligence, a knowledge of the English language, and some ability to understand the provisions of that instrument, under which Congress assembles, and is invested with any power whatever. And among those provisions, we look in vain for any passage, that legal quibbling or political craftiness can, by any ingenuity, so construe, as to clothe Congress with power to receive into this Union,—least of all, to annex by a joint resolution, a territory and people over whom is already established a regular, independent government. There is no such provision. The resolution of the House of Representatives was an act of usurpation, of arbitrary power. They have just as much right to annex Mexico, or dismember New England, and annex it to Nova Scotia or Canada, as to annex Texas. Here, then, is a gross, palpable violation of the Constitution. There is no longer any supreme, inviolate law of the land.—The Representatives of the people, who ought to be the guardians of the Constitution and liberty, to stand between the people and any attempt at arbitrary power on the part of any department of the government, have themselves become usurpers and despots, tools of executive and party dictation, and there is no longer any law but the will of an unprincipled and self seeking majority of their number. Is this a matter for rejoicing and jubilee, and the salute of a hundred guns?

What is this event in its character and consequences? It is the indefinite perpetuation and extension of slavery by the deliberate act of a government, claiming to regard, establish and preserve human rights more than any other on earth. It is an act which covers the government and people of the United States with shame for their inconsistency, and with disgrace and dishonor for their inhumanity. It threatens and will probably produce disunion; and upon the grave of national existence will erect a monument, whereon posterity will write our epitaph in a single word, *Infamy*, and the tears and execrations of humanity will forever deepen the inscription. Is such an act a matter of rejoicing and jubilee? Is it not a desecration of Boston Common, to make it resound with salutes fired in favor of such an act as this? If any are in favor of the annexation of Texas, if they will have it, if they think under the circumstances that it is best, that it is necessary, let them remember the terrible price of national dishonor and a violated constitution, at which it is done, and be silent for shame's sake.

OBITUARY.

HON. BENJAMIN RUSSELL.

This excellent citizen and venerable patriot of the Revolution died in this city, on the 4th ult. The funeral ceremonies were attended by a large concourse of citizens, at the Rev. Mr. Young's Church, where he had worshipped, and the remains were attended to the grave by the Mechanics' Charitable Association, the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and by many of our most distinguished citizens. A brief notice of the event was prepared for this paper, on the week following, but was by some accident mislaid, and, under the impression that it had been published, the subject passed from our minds, till our attention was called, by a friend, to the singular and unintentional omission.

The following highly respectful and deserved tribute to his memory, we copy from the Daily Advertiser, of the 7th ult.

'On Saturday last died in this city, the Hon. BENJAMIN RUSSELL, for many years the distinguished editor of the *Columbian Centinel*. He had just completed the 83d year of his age, having spent the greater part of his long and busy life, in the conspicuous and responsible employment of the conductor of one of the leading political journals of the country. He was educated as a practical printer, and before completing his apprenticeship, he entered the service of the country as a soldier in the army of the revolution, and while so engaged he was the occasional correspondent of his former master, Isaiah Thomas, Esq., who then published the Worcester Spy. He was chiefly known to the public as the publisher of the Centinel, a semi-weekly paper, which for a long period under his direction, had a wide circulation, and exercised a powerful influence on public opinion throughout the country, and more especially through the New England States. In the management of this paper, he received much voluntary aid from many of the most distinguished men of this State, several of whom were for years, frequent writers for his columns. Among these men were Fisher Ames, John Lowell, George Cabot, Stephen Higginson, Timothy Pickering and others.

Major Russell was a careful observer of the course of events, and presented the news of the day to his readers in a striking and attractive form, and his paper was so highly valued that for many years it had probably by far the largest circulation of any paper in New England. Major Russell was frequently elected by his fellow citizens to important public trusts. He was for many years one of the Representatives of the City of Boston in the House of Representatives, for several years a member of the Senate of the State, and for one or two years a member of the Executive Council. He was for many years an active and distinguished member of the Mechanic Association, and of other charitable and useful institutions. In all his employments he devoted his efforts and influence to the dissemination of good principles, the encouragement of benevolent objects, and the promotion of the public welfare. He was a man of a cheerful temper and benevolent disposition, and although he had survived by several years the active period of his life, he has left behind him many who remember with gratitude his acts of kindness. We trust some one competent to the task, will favor the public with an authentic account of the events of his long and active life.

SECULAR SUMMARY.

TREATY WITH CHINA. The secular newspapers contain a letter from Mr. Cushing, our Minister to China, giving an outline of the Treaty. It is too long for our columns, and will undoubtedly be seen by most of our readers in other papers. It is regarded as highly advantageous to our country. By the remarks of Sir Henry Pottinger (given in another part of this paper,) in regard to the English Treaty, it appears that the privileges granted to England are to be extended to other nations, and of course we are sharers of the benefits. This is also true as to the provisions of the American treaty, as appears by the following remarks of Mr. Cushing. After a statement of some of the peculiar provisions of the treaty, he says:—

Many of them are new and important.

Some of the English newspapers have commented rather boastfully upon the fact that the English arms had opened the ports of China to other nations, and at the same time have, with flippant ignorance, ridiculed the idea of a mission from the United States to do that which (it was said) had been already wholly done by England.

I ascribe all possible honor to the ability displayed by Sir Henry Pottinger in China, and to the success which attended his negotiations; and I recognise the debt of gratitude which the United States and all other nations owe to England for what she has accomplished in China. From all this much benefit has accrued to the United States.

But, in return, the treaty of Wang Hiya, in the new provision it makes, confers a great benefit on the commerce of the British Empire; for the supplemental English treaty stipulates that any new privileges conceded by China to other nations shall be enjoyed also by England, and there is a similar provision in the treaty of Wang Hiya; and thus, whatever progress either Government makes in opening this vast empire to the influence of foreign commerce is for the common good of each other and of all Christendom.

TEXAS AND ANNEXATION. The New Orleans Picayune of the 11th inst. has the following article:—

We have seen a private letter, written by a gentleman residing in Galveston, who ought to be acquainted with political movements in Texas, which strengthens the rumor, mentioned by us yesterday, that Gen. Duff Green had met with indifferent treatment from the Executive of that republic. It was believed by the writer that Gen. Green's *exequatur* had been revoked. Capt. Elliott, the British Charge, arrived in Galveston from the Capital on the 6th instant. He is reported to have said that Gen. Green's difficulties with the administration are of a serious character—though he is silent as to what they really are. The British Charge, and Mr. Saligny, the French Charge, are said to be in a joyous mood, at something or other that has transpired in the diplomacy between Texas and the United States, and both of these gentlemen have stated that annexation is impossible for three years to come. The source whence we have received these items of intelligence imparts great weight and authenticity to them. Something has gone wrong.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER. The Ferret, 10, Commander Oake, captured on the 26th of September, a schooner with 400 slaves on board, six days out. She was without colors, papers or chart, having, it is supposed, been all thrown overboard. No person would acknowledge to be captain, whom the crew reported dead, as even give her name, or say to whom she belonged, or where found. It is believed her name is the Adventure, of 140 tons, belonging to Rio de Janeiro. At the time of capture, the Ferret was on her passage to St. Paul de Leonde, distant about 250 miles.

CRANBERRIES. Mr Wm. Hall, of Norway, Maine, has succeeded in raising cranberries on a patch of boggy land. He sowed the berries, in the spring, on the snow and ice. The seed took well and entirely rooted out the weeds. Last year, he gathered six bushels from a patch of land about three rods square, which a few years since was entirely useless.

MANUFACTURING DIVIDENDS.

The following table, interesting to all purchasers and dealers in Stocks on both sides of the Atlantic, is from Willis & Co's Bank Note List for this month (Oct. 1844.)

We are indebted to the Treasurers of the respective Corporations, who politely gave us every information required, for the accuracy of the following table, which first appeared in the Morning Post of Oct. last, it is believed. [The table, notwithstanding, has through more exact inquiry, been rectified in several particulars since its original appearance.]

Other Cos in Ms.	1838	1839	1841	1842	1843	1844	Tot.
Merrim.	11	9	12	8	16	20	76
Hamilt'n	†	5	8	8	6	7	26
Appleton	5	5	6	0	6	6	28
Lowell	5a	0	11	4c	—	7	27
Suffolk	11	8	11	3	6	16	55
Mid'ex-b	—	—	10	9	4d	10	33
Tremont	11	7	8	2	6	16	50
Law'nce	10	3	7	2	7	15	44
Boot	11	4	11	3	5	11	45
Mass'ts	—	—	‡	3	4	14	21
Cabot	6	3	9	5	11	10	44
Chickop.	9	—	3	—	—	3	15
Dwight-e				3	11	8	22
Perkins	5	5	6		9	10	35
Thorndi.	—	—	11	3	5	14	33
Palmer	20	3	10	6	9	16	69
Otis-f					10	10	20
Amosk'g	9	—	6	4	7	9	35
						17	
York	16	12	9	7	6	10g	77
Nashua	10	0	8	3	6	8	35
	139	69	146	65	159	237	

† Dividend in new shares.
‡ Not in full operation.
a Further dividend in new shares.
b Not in operation as a distinct Corporation till 1841.
c The Cotton Mill stopped from July 1842 to July 1843.
d Extra dividend of 25 per ct. of accumulated profits on manufacturing, sales of land, and rents to increase the capital from $600,000 to $750,000.
e Not in operation till 1842.
f The earnings of this Company from 1838 to 1842 inclusive, were expended in adding to and renovating the machinery and properties of the Corporation.
g Extra dividend from the reserved profits of former years.

ARTS OF BEGGARS IN NEW YORK. A writer in this city, to a New Haven paper, alludes to 'two wretched looking women, with emaciated infants in their arms, begging for bread,' near a fashionable jeweller's shop, in Broadway, where the rich were making liberal purchases. In relation to this allusion, the Tribune has a correspondent, who tells this story. A few months since, a clergyman in this city was frequently visited by a female, who uniformly brought in her arms an infant clothed in rags, and so poor and emaciated that, apparently, the little sufferer's existence could not be many days prolonged. After suitable relief had been furnished to the child, in the way of clothing, the clergyman went to another house, to make a call, and there found again, the 'living skeleton,' he had just relieved. This time it was in the hands of another mother, and clothed in rags as before.

He investigated the matter and found that the child was *starved* for the purpose of being used as *capital* in begging—that four different females used it for this purpose, each using different streets to exhibit it in; and all claimed it as their own. They cleared by the operation about six dollars per week. [New York Express.

EASTERN PALESTINE. The American Journal of Science and Arts, contains a notice of a work by John B. Sherwood, A. B., on Palestine, from notes made during a tour through the Holy Land in 1843. It is highly commended. It speakr of geological changes which Eastern Palestine is continually undergoing, from the volcanic character of the country. We give the following extract.

'*One* of these violent catastrophes *has been* recorded, the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah, an event miraculous in time, and penal in its design; but effected by causes and means by which they were surrounded. Whether these cities were destroyed by the inflammation of the bituminous matter upon which they were built, or *with* which they were constructed, or whether a sudden volcanic eruption, opening wide fissures, through which red-hot lava, 'the rain of fire,' poured, engulfing and destroying the guilty cities, we cannot now determine. The account was written, not to gratify curiosity, but to indicate to all times a sense of the Divine justice. Perfectly compatible, however, with that lesson, is the supposition that it was brought about by natural agencies. Nor is it the less signal because phenomena, similar in their nature and produced by causes operating constantly, though with intermitted vigor, have since appeared and may be still expected to occur.'

LUTHERAN CHURCH IN THE U. STATES.—According to a statement in the Lutheran Standard, the Lutheran church was introduced into this country in the year 1743, by Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, who emigrated from Germany and established himself in Pennsylvania. The Lutheran Church in the United States is composed chiefly, but not exclusively, of Germans and their descendants. For a considerable period it was supplied by ministers from the parent country. Its congregations are located in nearly all the States, but are principally found in Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina. The number of its congregations is about 1,400, and its ministers only about 450.

Connected with the Lutheran Church is the College at Gettysburg, Pa., and four Theological Seminaries, one at Hartwick, N. Y., one at Columbus, Ohio, and one at Lexington, S. C. Four papers, exclusively religious, two in the English and two in the German language, are supported by the denomination. The church is divided into nineteen Synods, which again are divided into Conferences. The General Synod is constituted by representatives, ministers and laymen, from the local Synods. The only Lutheran churches in New England are one in Boston and one in Waldoborough, Maine.

INFLUENCE OF LOCALITY ON PLANTS.—Professor Liebig said, he had been engaged in the analysis of plants growing in different districts extending from Giessen to the sea. It was found that corn, peas, beans, and grass, contained a larger proportion of soda as they grew nearer and nearer the sea coast; thus satisfactorily proving, that plants could substitute soda for potash, without injury to their growth. No plants were found in which there was no potash, but there were many in which there was no soda. It had been asked in what proportion soda and potash were found in the animal economy? Soda existed largely in the bile and blood—potash was found most abundantly in the muscles; hence the reason was evident why the use of soda (common salt) with the food of man was universal. It was quite evident that plants would substitute one constituent for another—it had been found that in the tobacco plant lime had been replaced by potash. In answer to other inquiries, Professor Liebig remarked, that the alkalies in plants were not in combination as organic constituents; they could be dissolved out. Carbon, on the contrary, formed a part of their structure. Carbonic acid was absorbed by plants, and served, uniting with hydrogen and with water, to form a series of compounds containing varying proportions of these elements.

DEATH OF A MISER. On Thursday, the 5th instant, died Miss Murton, of Trumpington-street, in this town, aged seventy one, a person of most eccentric character and habits. She was possessed of property to the amount of about 50,000*l.*, but lived in a most wretched state, in a house entirely by herself. She was in the habit of sitting on the ground, surrounded by filth of all descriptions, and two starved black cats on each side of her. She would have perished through cold and want, or been eaten up with filth, but for the kind attention of her relatives. She has left the bulk of her property (excepting a few trifling legacies) to the family of Mr. Tomson, stonemason. All her houses are left to Mr. Christopher, Pemberton. [Cambridge Independent.

WHERE IS THE SCHOOLMASTER? The census of 1840 shows that there are 34,000 persons over twenty years of age, in the State of Pennsylvania, who cannot read nor write. We think if the Pennsylvania "schoolmasters are abroad," they had better go home and teach their children.

FIRST ICE. The icemen went to work in various directions on Monday morning, after the severe frost of the two proceeding days. The first ice of this season, from Fresh Pond, was a train or cars bringing about 100 tons, (15 tons of which was of the crop of 1842-3,) which came down the road on Tuesday afternoon, and was put on shipboard.—The work of cutting ice has been going on during the week. [Bunker Hill Aurora.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FROM ENGLAND. The new steamship Cambria arrived at this port from Liverpool, on Friday the 24th ult., just after our paper went to press. She had a passage of eighteen days and a half, in consequence of head winds and storms; but she is reported to have worked admirably.

English news to Jan. 4th is received, and French news to the 1st. The English Parliament was not in session, and there is but little political news.

The President's message was received in England by the Caledonia, on the 29th Dec. Parts of it are complimented and parts are commented on with great severity in several of the papers. The parts relating to Texas are thus referred to in the London Times.

Mr. Tyler has not fallen far short of our prognostications in his last effusion; but it is the first time since the foundation of the Union that the annual message of the President of the United States has been converted into a manifesto to justify a great act of violence, and to recommend a measure which amounts to an earnest preparation for offensive war. This unwieldy document includes every thing, from a didactic essay on the properties of Republican confederations, down to the expediency of establishing a rope-walk '*convenient* to the hemp-growing region,' and a lunatic asylum at Washington; but every part of it is imbued with the same spirit, and that spirit tends exclusively to agitate the mind of the American people on their foreign relations.'

In regard to the correspondence of Mr Calhoun with Mr. King, our minister in France, on the subject of annexation, the Times says.

'He, (Mr. Calhoun) at once placed the question on its true basis—the existence and interests of slavery. * * * He argues explicitly that the interest of the European Powers demands that they should not only tolerate, but encourage and promote slavery in America, and therefore assist America in unparalleled acts of spoliation and bad faith, on which the permanence of slavery on that continent avowedly depends. This is the question stripped by its own advocate of all disguise; and the odious motives in which this abominable scheme have originated—namely, the aggrandizement of the United States, for the express purpose of perpetuating the servile condition of the negro race—are laid bare to the wonder and execration of mankind.'

In further commenting on the attempt of Mr. Calhoun to influence the public mind in France, against the English policy for the suppression of slavery, and in favor at least of neutrality, on the part of France, as respects annexation, the Times further remarks:

'There never was an instance in which our policy was more unjustifiably impugned than in this despatch of an American Minister, written for the express purpose of being used against us at the court of one of our nearest allies; and we are persuaded that this mention of it will suffice to rouse the just indignation of this country, and to show the real nature of these scandalous proceedings to the whole world.'

The Morning Chronicle is equally severe. It charges the French press as having been bought up by slave capital.

'No inconsiderable share of the diplomatic activity of General Cass was spent upon the Journal des Debats, which he succeeded in winning over from the interests of humanity to those of the slave dealers and Anglophobes on this important point. The other Louis-Philippist and Conservative journals are 'all for slavery.' Indeed, slavery-capital is said to have either founded or purchased them. So that the French Court and Government have not an organ which is not at the same time an organ of the slave-holders.

The King of the French and M. Guizot, who both pretend to principles of philanthropy and religion, ought to be ashamed of having such political bedfellows, and such corrupt and inhuman defenders. A Constitutional King and a Liberal Minister, condescending to be surrounded and protected by a troop of slave drivers, is a monstrosity in the nineteenth century.

Of the letter of Mr. Calhoun to Mr. King, which is denominated a sequel to Mr Cass's pamphlet, the Morning Chronicle says:—

"A meaner or more disgraceful document never came from the pen of a statesman. But at least it has the merit of being frank, and it puts the question of Texas on the one, plain, avowed ground of *slavery or no slavery.*'

FRANCE. The King opened the Chambers on the 26th ult. in a speech with which little fault can be found, even by Frenchmen, and with it every one else must necessarily feel satisfied.—The King eulogizes every body and every thing. The war with Morocco is, of course, alluded to in complimentary terms. The visit to Queen Victoria produces the most elaborate passage in the speech.

SPAIN. The affairs of Spain are still in a deplorable state. Arrests and immediate executions without trial are constant. Zurbano is supposed to have escaped either into Portugal or France. His second son had been executed, and it was supposed his eldest son would be, as he had just been arrested.

Statement of Expenses occasioned by the suit of Rhode Island against Massachusetts, prepared in compliance with an order of the Senate, dated January 14, 1845. These dates commence Jan. 4, 1837 and end Oct. 4, 1843:

James T. Austin, Associate Counsel,	$100 00
Daniel Webster, on account for professional services,	500 00
Jeremiah Mason, as a retaining fee,	250 00
James T. Austin, Attorney General, on account of his expenses, &c., to Washington, in said case, (three times,)	1492 00
Rufus Choate, for services rendered,	300 00
Rufus Choate, for clerk's fees in bill of Chancery,	149 17
Simeon Borden, for surveying the line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts	722 74
Rufus Choate, for services and expenses,	352 41
	$4766 32

ANDOVER. We learn that a company of wealthy capitalists, in Boston, have secured the right of purchasing extensively along the banks of the Merrimack river, in Andover, for about two miles in length on both sides. The falls afford a great power, and it is expected that extensive factories will be erected there. [Salem Gazette, Tuesday.

MANUFACTURE OF SILK IN PENOBSCOT. We have been presented with a couple of skeins of silk manufactured in the family of Mr. Enoch Huntington of Garlandwhich we can hardly believe was not imported from France or Italy, the thread is so even and perfect and the general appearance of the bank is so good. Mr. Huntington had about one thousand cocoons last year, and is one of the few persons in this region who have given any attention to the raising of the silk worm and manufacture of silk. Edmund Pillsbury, Esq., of Newport has also engaged in the business to a limited extent, and others have turned their attention to it more as a matter of curiosity and amusement than as a source of profit, which it might become even in this unpropitious climate if industry were turned in this direction. [Bangor Dem.

THE FARM SCHOOL. At the annual meeting of the gentlemen connected with this noble charitable institution on Thompson's Island, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Theodore Lyman; Vice President, Moses Grant: Treasure, J. I. Bowditch; Secretary, G. H. Kuhn; Managers, B. A. Gould, Elijah Cobb, Samuel Hooper, George Bemis, R. W. Bailey, R. C. Waterston, S. E. Brackett, Jesse Bird, Francis Banon, Henry B. Rogers.

KALSOMINE PAPER HANGINGS. This is an invention that we are persuaded will rise to great importance, and which is well deserving of the favorable attention of the public. It consists in coagulating the size with which the colors of paper hangings are mixed, by the aid of a solution of alum, by which means it is made insoluble, and the surface of the paper may then be washed with as little damage as if it were covered with oil. [London Magazine of Science.

WELL DONE. The grocery keepers of Evansville, Ark., which has been the theatre of so many Indian murders, have resolved to sell no intoxicating liquors whatever to the Indians for two months. If during that time any abatement of crime is observed, they will prolong the resolution.

☞ GREAT CONVENTION! The Massachusetts Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment will hold a Convention in the Hall of the House of Representatives on the evening of February 10th, at 7 o'clk.

Robert Rantoul, Jr., Wendell Phillips, Dr Walter Channing, Rev John Pierpont, Rev E. H. Chapin, and other distinguished friends of the cause are expected to address the meeting. f1

☞ SUNDAY EVENING LECTURE. A course of Lectures will be commenced at the Pitts St. Chapel, (Rev Mr Waterston's) on Sunday [to-morrow] evening.

Services will begin at 7 o'clock. f1

☞ HON. LOUIS C. LEVIN, Member of Congress elect from the first Congressional District in Pennsylvania, will deliver a Lecture upon the extension of Papal power in the Repeal Club, on Monday evening next, at the Tremont Temple, at 7 o'clock.

Admittance 25 cts. f1

☞ A NEW YEAR'S TRACT was lately forwarded to the several Sunday Schools that contributed flowers to our Floral Procession of the 4th of July.—Should any of these Schools fail to receive their copies, they will have the kindness to notify the subscriber of the fact, and the omission shall be immediately supplied. CHARLES F. BARNARD,

f1 5 Warren street, Boston.

☞ MR. HUDSON will deliver a Lecture upon Macbeth, at the Warren St. Chapel, on Tuesday evening, Feb 4th, at 7 o'clock.

Tickets at 25 cents; may be had of Messrs Crosby & Nichols, Oren J. Faxon, J. Tower and C. Jackson, and at the door on Tuesday evening. f1

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Dr Sharp, James Bates, Esq. of Boston, to Mrs Anna Tower Lincoln, daughter of Capt Daniel Bates of Cohasset.

On Monday evening, by Rev Mr Winslow, Mr P. Windsor to Miss Mary E. C. Willard.

26th inst, by Rev Mr Noyes, Mr James M. Knights to Miss Hannah Moody.

By Rev Mr Tucker, Mr Frederick Cushing to Miss Mira Washburn, both of Bridgewater.

In South Boston, 16th inst, by the Rev Mr Capen, Mr Elias T. Bowthorpe to Miss Isabella Bowthorpe, both of Charlestown.

In Natick, on Monday evening, by Rev Mr Hunt, Mr Wm C. Dowse to Miss Caroline Ware, both of Sherburne.

In Haverhill, Mr Thomas Mickell to Miss Caroline Bailey, both of Boston.

In Newbury, Mr William Hale, Jr. to Miss Mary D. Plummer.

In Westboro', 22d inst, Mr Nathan B. Chamberlain to Miss Sarah H. F. Jones.

DEATHS.

In this city, 28th inst, Priscilla W., wife of Mr Wm Keith, 43.

29th inst, Mrs Temperance Cook, 92.

26th inst, Mrs Lydia Thompson, 75.

In Milton, on Sunday morning, Mr Jeremiah T. Fenno, 62.

In Roxbury, 24th ult, at the residence of A. M. Withington, Miss Freelove Forbes, 91, formerly of Bridgewater.

In Needham, 22d inst, of lung fever, Mrs Mary Arnold, wife of Mr Thomas Arnold, 52.

In Edgartown, 27th ins., Mrs Hannah, wife of Capt Chase Pease, 65.

In Stow, 23d inst, Emeline B., daughter of Joel Walcott, Esq. 3 yrs.

In Townsend, 21st inst, Mr Samuel B. Spear, 37.

In Watertown, 24th inst, suddenly, Miss Malinda Leathe, 52.

In Haverhill, James Hurd, 25.

In Bridgewater, Mrs Hannah Alger, widow of the late Dea James Alger, of Chelsea, 73.

In Sterling, 11th inst, Mrs Relief Johnson, 87; Harriet Dawless, 2; 20th, Andrew P. Bartlett, 8.

In Brooklyn, Ct., 17th inst, Ebenezer Williams, 68.

In Montville, Me, Mrs Jane Wheaten, about 116.

Whole number of deaths in Boston, for the week ending January 25, 39. Males 20; Females 19; Stillborn 10.

Of consumption 3, croup 2, infantile 2, lung fever 7, intemperance 1, tumor 1, compound fracture 1, apoplexy 1, marasmus 2, brain fever 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, dropsy on the brain 2, fracture 1, inflammation on the lungs 3, rheumatic fever 1, old age 2, cholera morbus 1, scarlet fever 1, internal disease 1, fits 1, pleurisy fever 1, teething 1, child-bed 2.

Under 5 years, 19: between 5 and 20 years, 3: between 20 and 60 years, 10: over 60 years, 7.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER AND RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY, for January, 1845.

This number of the Examiner and Miscellany commences a new year, and is continued to all the subscribers, with the hope that the manner in which it has been conducted during the past year has met their approbation, and that it has proved itself worthy of the support of the denomination.

The Editors have made every exertion to render the work what it should be, and to present, every two months, a number worthy of a journal whose pages have been consecrated by the writings of a Worcester, Channing, Tuckerman and Ware. An adequate reward for this labor can only be found in an extended interest in their exertions—and thus far there has been no cause of complaint. A regular increase in the number of subscribers, during the past year, has seemed to show an increasing interest among the denomination towards their chief periodical. The publisher asks only for a continuance of this favor. Let every man not 'borrow of his neighbor,' but do what he can to extend its circulation. There are many of our Societies in which we have not a single subscriber, and to this fact the publisher would respectfully ask the attention of the clergymen in our country parishes. They have it in their power to bring the Examiner to the notice of hundreds whom he cannot reach, and that there are many who, if acquainted with the work would encourage it, there can be no doubt.

**Extra copies of this number are printed for gratuitous circulation, and they will be sent to clergymen or others who may feel interested in it.

Any person procuring four subscribers, will be allowed a copy gratis.

f1 WILLIAM CROSBY, Publisher, 118 Washington street.

THE MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE, for February.

—CONTENTS—

Sin compared to Disease.
The Light House.
A Difficulty concerning Forgiveness of Sin.
Consolations in the Death of Children, a Sermon, by Rev N. Hall.
Polycarp.
The Mind that was in Christ Jesus.
The Future's Secret.

Intelligence.

Ordination at Leominster, Ms.
" of an Evangelist.
Suffolk Street Chapel Ministry.
Prison Reform.
Peace Conventions.
Items.

The Magazine will be Edited the present year, by Rev F. D. Huntington; among the regular contributors will be many of the distinguished clergyman of the denomination.

It is published on the first of each month, in Nos. of 36 pages each, royal 12mo, making one volume a year of 432 pages each—and furnished to subscribers at the low price of *One Dollar* per annum, or seven copies to one address for $6; 12 copies, $10. It will be sent to any part of the U. States, by remitting one year's subscription in advance.

L. C. BOWLES, Publisher, f4 118 Washington st.

THE CHILD'S FRIEND, for February 1845.—

—CONTENTS—

Patience.
The Rainbow.
Janet Melville, or Too Late.
A Sunday School Anecdote.
The Countess of Bukebury.
Via Lewis, Via Cruus.
Grandpapa's Garden.
The Spirit is Everywhere.
Use of Life, a Parable.
The Two Sisters.

Just published by L. C. BOWLES, 118 Washington st. f1

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No 38, for February 1.

—CONTENTS—

News to 7 December: Sir Isaac Newton's Alleged Insanity: Punch: Hawkers' and Pedlers' Licenses: Real Random Records: Periodical Theological Literature: Lady Hester Stanhope: Mr Stephens: Col. Napier: The Captain's Cow: Mr Adams' Oration at Cincinnati: Life in London Lodgings: Gunpowder: On Fire Damp: New Safety Lamp: Joseph Bonaparte: A Night in a Fog: On Tight Lacing and Red Noses: Mr Sheil: Confessions of a Monomaniac: The Nova Scotia Fisheries: The Ship Breaker's Yard: Phantom of Peter Schldmihl: Benjamin D'Israeli, M. P.: Sport in England: A Practical Joke: Recollections of Gideon Shaddoe, Esq: Poetry: Scraps.

Published by T. H. CARTER & CO., 118½ Washington st. f1

THE Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D., late Head Master of Rugby School, by A. P. Stanley: Pycroft's Course of Study, in English Reading adapted to every Taste and Capacity: Etherology, or the Philosophy of Mesmerism and Phrenology, by P. S. Grimes: Nieb Khlem's Journey under the Ground, by Louis Holberg: The Chemistry of Vegetable and Animal Physiology, by Dr Mulder: Dr Pusey's Sermon on the Holy Eucharist: Bishop Southgate's Reply to the Missionaries at Constantinople: Hints on the Reorganization of the Navy: Slavery in the United States, a Letter to the Hon Daniel Webster, by M. B. Sampson: The National Protestant, edited by Rev C. Sparry.

Received and for sale by SAXTON, PIERCE & CO., 133 Washington st. f1

FAREWELL SERMONS. Just published, 'The Ministry at Suffolk St. Chapel; its Origin, Progress and Experience,' by John T. Sargent, late Pastor of that Chapel. BENJ. H. GREENE,

f1 124 Washington st.

Dental Ingenuity!

DR. MORTON,

Late Wells & Morton,

NO. 19 TREMONT ROW.... BOSTON,

HAS frequently been solicited to make known by advertisement his new invention for supporting TEETH in the mouth. It being an ENTIRELY NEW and CHEMICAL PROCESS which enables him in all cases to make a perfect fit, render the teeth useful and ornamental, being subject to none of the difficulties or objections that generally attend artificial teeth inserted by aerial pressure, inasmuch as the plate upon which they are inserted in the common way is liable in the majority of cases to the great mortification of the patient to drop down, move about, or produce a rattling in the mouth.

Were it not that I am willing to have my invention thoroughly tested in such a manner that I think the most candid person cannot make the slightest objection to. I should be very unwilling to proclaim it by advertisement as it is no matter of surprise that amidst so much imposition that the mere assertion of the advertiser should be looked upon with suspicion. Therefore the advertiser begs leave to inform his former patients, and friends generally, that his place of business is as formerly, and that from one to an entire new sett of Teeth can be inserted on his new principle in the most easy, agreeable, pleasant and natural style. And those who prefer it will be waited upon six months for all except the cost of constructing the teeth.

Owing to the irregular absorption of the gums and other circumstances it frequently becomes necessary in order to supply the place of nature that the dentist should manufacture his own teeth. With this in view I have established a manufactory for that purpose, and am fully prepared to execute the most difficult cases that may come under the cognisance of a dentist.

"IMPORTANT TO THE TOOTHLESS."

"Teeth are now inserted by Dr Morton, 19 Tremont Row, by a chemical process combined with atmospheric pressure and upon the best of gold according to the investigation of some of our most scientific men, which adhere so firmly to the jaw that several pounds weight may be attached to the plate and raised from the floor the plate remaining firm in its place.—We are aware that many have been disposed to doubt that teeth can be supported in this way but since Doctor has made so valuable an improvement on the old method and it having withstood the criticism of a public who disclaim everything but good, and to whom it has proved a blessing in restoring health, comfort, and cleanliness, it must now be acknowledged by the candid and disinterested, as one of the settled principles of mechanical dentistry and an invaluable invention. Persons have been benefited by the adaptation of this method and are now wearing teeth with the greatest comfort who had given up all hope of ever being benefited in this way. It is indeed a little surprising to us that so many withhold from themselves the comforts of those useful and ornamental organs since this new art has arrived to such a degree of perfection that from one to an entire sett are inserted so that the most delicate eye cannot detect them from natural ones." [Evening Gazette.

d21

THE LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., by Arthur P. Stanley, two vols in one: Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation: Etherology, or the Philosophy of Mesmerism and Phrenology, including a new Philosophy of Sleep and of Consciousness, by D. Stanley Grimes: Agincourt, a Romance by James: a new, cheap edition of Archy Moore: The American Journal and Library of Dental Science, for December: Reply to the Missionaries at Constantinople, by Bishop Southgate: Fables of Flora, edited by S. C. Edgarton: Married and Single, or Marriage and Celibacy Contrasted, in a series of Domestic Pictures, by T. S. Arthur: Lovers and Husbands, a Story of Married Life, by T. S. Arthur:

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

HYMNS ADAPTED TO MUSIC, No. 15.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIMAGE.

TUNE—'*Greenville.*'

Keep us, Lord, in our dangers
Safe from all the ills we fear;
While on earth we live as strangers,
May our Father still be near.

While we pass through barren regions,
Kindly all we need provide;
When beset by hostile legions.
Ever be our guard and guide.

Travelling toward thy bright pavilions,
May the prospect cheer our way;
Till we join the happy millions,
Whom celestial robes array.

Patient still, tho' faint and weary,
May we urge our journey on;
Tho' our road be rough and dreary,
Bid desponding fear be gone. S. W.

WINTER.

"You're welcome, Old Winter!" the rich man cries,
With a bosom of proud content,
As round his carpeted halls his eyes
With a meaning glance are sent;
For the fires burn bright, and the casements tall
Are curtained with drapery rare—
The winds may howl and the snow may fall,
But what doth the rich man care?

"You're welcome, Old Winter!" the gay lad cries,
As he plunges into the snow,
Or o'er the ice-bound streamlet flies,
Like a shaft from the twanging bow;
For garments warm are about his form,
And his sport is rich and rare!
Old Winter may bluster and rave and storm,
But what doth the urchin care?

'Oh! Winter is dreary!" the poor man cries,
As he wends along the street,
While the snow in his frost-nipp'd visage flies
And benumbs his unshod feet!
"Oh Winter is drear!" But there's none to hear
The plea of the poor and old;
Straight on goes the crowd with unlistening ear—
Who cares if the beggar is cold?

"Alas, it is Winter! And wo is me!"
The widow exclaims, and clasps
The shivering Orphans around her knee,
In a wild and phrenzied grasp;
Through the frosted pane on the life-thronged way
A laughing crowd she sees,
And merrily jingle the sleigh-bells gay,
While the Widow and Orphans freeze!

Ay! Winter is drear! O, ye rich, ne'er smile
At my simple and homely Muse,
Nor the tale of the poor man's woes revile,
Nor a helping hand refuse;
For Heaven has blest you with stores of gold,
And how should your thanks appear,
But by shielding the poor from hunger and cold,
And making their lives less drear! C. M. S.

[N. Y. Tribune.

MISCELLANEOUS.

EXTRACTS FROM GERMAN ECCLESIASTICAL AND LITERARY JOURNALS.

(From a Hamburg Newspaper, Nov. 21st.)

The letter of the Catholic priest, Ronge, to the Bishop of Treves, relating to the pilgrimages in honour of the holy vestment, is daily becoming more and more an event of importance. As on the Rhine, so with us also on the Oder, is it read by the Catholics with enthusiasm; a clear proof that the author has only spoken that which is the view of all enlightened Catholics on this side the Alps.

BRESLAU, Nov. 10—Ronge's letter is as follows:—'That which for a long time sounded in our ears like a fable or child's tale, viz., that the Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, exhibits a piece of raiment called the vestment of Christ, for worship and religious contemplation, ye have already heard, Christians of the 19th century,—ye know it, Germans, ye know it, German people and religious teachers; it is no fable or child's tale, it is reality and truth! For already, since the last report, five hundred thousand persons have been on a pilgrimage to this relic, and daily do fresh thousands throng thither, especially since the aforesaid piece of raiment has healed the sick,—has worked miracles! The knowledge of it penetrated all lands, and in France the clergy have affirmed, that '*They* have the *true* vestment of Christ—that the one at Treves is counterfeit.' Verily, herein are those words exemplified,—'He who upon certain subjects cannot lose his understanding has none to lose.' Five hundred thousand persons, five hundred thousand intelligent Germans, have already hastened to the piece of raiment at Treves, in order to see or worship it. The great body of these thousands are from the lower classes of the people, in great poverty moreover, oppressed, ignorant, dull of wit, superstitious, and in part degenerated, and now they give up the cultivation of their fields, betake themselves from their business—the care of their domestic concerns,—the education of their children, in order to journey to Treves to an idol-festival, to a shameful spectacle, exhibited at the command of the Romish hierarchy. Yea, truly, an idol-festival it is, for thousands of the credulous multitude are misled; the feeling, the reverence which we owe to God alone, has been given to a piece of raiment, to a work of men's hands. And what evil consequences ensue from these pilgrimages! Thousands of the pilgrims starve themselves to obtain money for the journey, and for the offering which they must present to the holy vestment, i. e., to the priesthood; they collect it with loss to themselves, or they beg it of others, in order on their return, to starve or to fall sick from the fatigues of the journey. These external disadvantages are great, very great, yet are the moral evils far greater. Will not many, who, through the travelling expenses, are become poor, seek to indemnify themselves by unlawful means? Many women and girls lose their purity of heart, their chastity, their good name, to destroy thereby the peace, the happiness, the welfare of their families! Lastly, by this altogether unchristian spectacle is a door and way opened to superstition, to hypocrisy, to fanaticism, and, what is immediately connected with them, to vice! These are blessings diffused by the exhibition of the holy vestment, with respect to which vestment, moreover, it is perfectly indifferent whether it be genuine or spurious. And the man who has openly exhibited this piece of raiment, the work of men's hands, for worship and contemplation, who leads astray the religious feelings of the credulous, ignorant, or suffering multitude, who thereby lends his aid to superstition and to vice, who deprives the poor hungry people of their goods and gold, who holds up the German nation to the scorn of all other nations, and who draws together, in still more close array, the stormy clouds which at all times hang heavy and gloomy over our heads, this man is a bishop,—a German bishop,—he is the bishop Arnoldi of Treves. Bishop Arnoldi, of Treves, I turn myself, then, to *you*, and I demand of you, in virtue of my office and of my calling as priest,—as a German teacher of the people,—in the name of Christendom, —in the name of the German nation,—in the name of the teachers of the people,—to put an end to the unchristian spectacle, the exhibition of the holy vestment,—to remove from the public view the aforesaid piece of raiment, and not make the scandal greater than it has already become! For know you not—as bishop you must know it—that the founder of the Christian religion bequeathed to his disciples and followers not his vestment but his spirit! His vestment Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, was the perquisite of his executioners! Know you not—as bishop you must know it—that Christ teaches 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth!' And above all, that the worship of him is by no means confined to the temple of Jerusalem, to Mount Gerizim, or to Treves, with its holy vestment? Know you not—as bishop you must know it—that the Gospel expressly forbids the worship of any image, of any relic! that the Christians of the apostles' time, and of the first three centuries, suffered neither an image nor a relic (of which, however, they might have had many) in their churches! that the worship of images and relics is heathenish, and that the fathers, during the first three centuries, derided the heathens for this very thing! Rather, indeed, should the images, if they had life, worship the men who made them, than the men the images. (Nec intelligunt homines ineptissimi, quod si sentire simulacra et moveri possent, adoratura hominem fuissent, a quo sunt expolita). Lastly, know you not,—as bishop you must know this also,—that the healthy powerful spirit of the German people permitted itself to be degraded, by the crusades, to the worship of relics, for the first time in the 13th and 14th centuries; when the lofty idea which the Christian religion gives us of the Deity had been obscured by divers fables and miraculous stories brought from the East? See, Bishop Arnoldi of Treves, this you know; and probably better than I can tell you, you know, too, the consequences which the idolatrous worship of relics, and which superstition generally has produced for us, viz., the mental and bodily slavery of Germany! And yet you exhibit your relic for public worship! If, however, as is probably the case, you did not consider all this, if you have only had in view the welfare of Christendom by the exhibition of the Treves relic, yet have you burdened your conscience with a twofold guilt, of which you cannot clear yourself. First, it is unpardonable in you if a real healing power reside in the aforesaid piece of raiment, that you have kept it back from suffering mortality till the year 1844. Secondly, it is unpardonable that you take money-offerings from the hundreds of thousands of pilgrims. Or will you venture to say that it is *not* unpardonable in *you*, as bishop, to accept money from the hungry poor of our people! especially since previously, some weeks ago, you saw that want had driven hundreds to rebellion and to a desperate death! Do not let yourself, moreover, be deluded by the concourse of hundreds of thousands; but believe me, that while thousands of the Germans full of fervour hasten to Treves, millions like myself are filled with a deep horror and bitter indignation concerning your shameful spectacle! This indignation is felt, not simply by some one or other profession, or by this or that party, but by all professions, yea, even by the profession of the Catholic priesthood Therefore will judgment overtake you sooner than you suppose. Already the historian seizes his pen, and transmits your name, Arnoldi, to the scorn of the present and of the succeeding age, and marks you out as the Tetzel of the 19th century! You, however, my German fellow-citizens, whether you dwell near to or far from Treves, exert all your efforts that a reproach may not attach itself to the German name. You have town-councillors, parish-directors, town and borough deputies; well, work through these. Seek in each for forces, and, lastly, determine at once to meet and to check the tyrannical power of the Romish hierarchy. For not merely at Treves is the modern traffic in indulgences carried on: you know well, in the east and west, in the north and south, are fees collected for garlands, masses, indulgences, burials, and the like; and the night of the spirit is ever more and more spreading itself around us. Go all, whether Catholics or Protestants, to the work; it concerns our honor, our freedom, our happiness! Provoke not the manes of your ancestors who broke down the capitol (the stronghold of Paganism,) whilst you suffer the Castle of St. Angelo (the stronghold of Popery) to remain standing in Germany. Do not let the laurel-wreaths of a Huss, a Hutten, a Luther, be disgraced! Give your thoughts—words, and make your wishes—deeds. Lastly, you, my companions in the sacred office, you who wish and strive for the good of your parishes,—for the honor, the freedom, the happiness of your German nation, be silent no longer, for you sin against your religion, against your fatherland, against your calling, if you any longer delay to put in practice the better conviction of your hearts. I have already addressed to you another epistle, therefore for the present I content myself with these few lines, Show yourselves the true disciples of him who sacrificed everything for Truth, Light and Liberty! Show that it is his spirit, not his vestment, of which you deem yourselves the heirs!

"JOHN RONGE, Catholic Priest."

"Laurahutte, in Silesia, 1st October."

[Extracted from a Hamburg paper, Nov. 22d.]

The *Frankfort Journal* gives the following communication respecting Ronge, for the truth of which it vouches:—

BRESLAU, Nov. 10th, 1844. John Ronge studied and completed his education in the college of this place for Catholic priests. He distinguished himself by the diligence and untiring ardor with which he prosecuted his studies, as well as by his great moral purity; so much so that his superiors declared that they had seldom had a young man under their superintendence who sought to enforce the truths of the Catholic religion with so deep and holy a fervor. After his departure from the college, he became chaplain in Grotthan, about seven miles from Breslau. In this situation he undertook forthwith the instruction of the children, and so won their love by firmness and mildness, and by the superior manner in which he performed his duties as teacher, that they honored him like a father; and no less did he possess the esteem of the parents, although a Protestant curate, his fellow labourer in the village, through envy and jealousy sought to calumniate his character.—Now at this time, as it is known, the Bishoprick of Breslau became vacant, as Herr Von Sedinitzky had resigned. The prebendary Herr Ritter nominated himself the administrator of the bishoprick, although he was not acknowledged by the state; and as such, he assumed a license for which he was severely reprimanded in a public order of the Cabinet. At this time the Jesuit and Catholic party on this side the Alps came forward in a body, exerted themselves especially to gain over the younger members of the clergy, and restrained with an iron rule the freedom of the conscience. Then it was that Ronge appeared—as yet without the signature of his name—in the Saxonian journal, (the Fatherland's-Pages,) and censured, in severe language, the Jesuitical intrigues of the chapter of this place, which, as it was said, was completely ruled by the prebendary Rittern, even after the new bishop Knauer had been elected.—When Ronge was asked upon his word of honour, as priest, whether he was the author of the articles, he acknowledged that he was, for he was incapable of lying, and was prepared to sacrifice all for conscience' sake. He had remained in this college, he must have undergone a severe penance, but as he had already become acquainted with the slavery in which the spirit is confined in this institution, he refused obedience, and was, therefore, suspended from his office.

With what pain the Catholic parish in Grotthan saw him depart is manifested in this,—that the magistrate and assembly of town-councillors interceded for him with the chapter; of course in vain. Therefore, Ronge repaired to Laurahutte, a mining village in a colony near Beuthen, in Upper Silesia, and instructed the children of the gentlemen superintending the miners there. Here, also, he won by his superior qualifications in every relation of life the love and esteem of the parents as well as of the children. Hence he has recently set forth the letter upon the Treves vestment in the pages of the Saxonian journal. The assurance that this has been dictated by the inmost convictions of his heart is scarcely necessary after what has been said. Ronge is quite incapable of a lie, whether in deed or in word; he is, as regards virtue and moral purity, extremely, perhaps *too* severe towards himself, but equally forbearing and mild towards others.

The present public intrigues, however, of the Jesuits, and of the Catholics in general on this side the Alps, animate him with a holy zeal, and, under the influence of this zeal, he has written the well-known letter. As for the rest, what this party wishes, and what the other fears viz., that Ronge may become a Protestant will never happen—Ronge is and remains true to the Catholic faith in its truth and purity;—but he is and remains, also, the implacable enemy of darkness, of superstition, and of the Jesuits. Lastly, I observe that every word here set down is perfectly true.

(From a friend of Ronge's.)

P. S. In Laurahutte, also, Ronge's letter appears to have brought him into trouble, for he has left this place and is at present staying at the house of the Earl of Reichenbach, at Waltdorf, near Neisse, where he is quite secure from persecution.

A TOUCHING STORY.

We find the following very affecting and romantic sketch published under the head of Police Reports, in the Baltimore Republican of Thursday evening:

Poverty. A few days since, a poor, yet decently clad female, presented herself at one of our police offices, and requested the magistrate to send her to the Alms House. Her manner and language denoted that she had seen better days; and while she begged the officer to grant her last request, the tears in rapid course trickled down her furrowed cheeks, and her sobs choked her utterance, as she tried to tell her mournful story. The officer, as in duty bound, asked her name, when she replied in a manner that brought tears from the eyes of those sturdy minions of the law, whose hearts are necessarily steeled to pity and the finer feelings of the man.

'Ask me not my name,' she cried, 'let me bear in silence and unknown, the fate an inscrutable Providence has meted out to me, but let not aged parents, fond brothers and loving sisters, hear that I—that I have died the inmate of an Alms House, and the recipent of public charity.'

'I will grant your desire,' the magistrate replied, 'but if I knew more of your history and circumstances, I might probably do something better for you.'

'I will tell you what I dare tell you, if you will believe that I speak the truth, and use your influence to obtain me some situation, in which I can earn an honest living,' was her impassioned answer.

The magistrate promised to do all he could for her, and alleviate her situation as much as possible.

'May Heaven bless you, sir!' she said, and told the following mournful and thrilling concatenation of suffering and perversity, commingled with sobs and the actual feelings of the woman.

'Two years ago, sir, I was happy and knew not what it was to want; my parents were rich, and owned one of the finest plantations in a Southern State; I was but young—not twenty, but I had my suitors, the sons of wealthy men, yet I loved them not—no one of the gaudy throng had as yet made an impression on my heart. There was in the neighborhood, a poor, but manly youth, the teacher of our district school; he visited our house, and was treated with all the respect and attention which other visitors received; and I—I, sir, fell in love with that man, and it was reciprocated. My father soon discovered our secret, and forbade him ever to cross his threshold again. Need I say more, sir, we met clandestinely and were married; we fled and took up our residence in this city. My husband,—my William,—taught an academy for a livelihood, and for eighteen months we were happy, but then my husband was taken sick, and he—he—died!—and I was left alone and among strangers. I wrote to my parents, asking their forgiveness—but—my—letters were returned unopened. My little means are exhausted, and I must starve, or, go to that refuge of poverty, the alms-house; but it will not last long, the sands of my life are nearly run out, and I look for a refuge from this world's miseries in—my grave!

She ended, and every eye present was wet with sympathy for her unhappy situation. One gentleman who was present, with that noble, generous, and manly feeling, so characteristic of 'nature's noblemen,' came forward and offered her a home and asylum beneath his roof, which, we need not add, was cheerfully and thankfully accepted, and she left the office with the prospect of better, if not happier days before her.

Thus it is in this world. Misfortune dares place her ruthless hands upon victims of every grade; and the sons and daughters of luxury sometimes drink of the bitter dregs of the cup of penury and misery.

A FRAGMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Are there any among you, my young friends, who desire to preserve health and cheerfulness through life, and at length to reach a good old age! If so, listen to what I am about to tell you.

A considerable time ago I read in one of the newspapers of the day that a man had died near London at the advanced age of 110 years, that he never had been ill, and that he had maintained through life a cheerful, happy temperament. I wrote immediately to London, to know if, in the man's treatment of himself, there had been any peculiarity which had rendered his life strengthened and so happy, and the answer I received was as follows:—

"He was unusally kind and obliging to everybody; he quarrelled with no one; he ate and drank merely that he might not suffer from hunger or thirst and never beyond what necessity required. From his earliest youth he never allowed himself to be unemployed. These were the only means he used."

I took a note of this in a little book where I generally write all that I am anxious to remember, and very soon afterwards I observed in another paper that a woman had died near Stockholm at 115 years of age, that she never was ill, and was always of a contented, happy disposition. I immediately wrote to Stockholm, to learn what means the old woman had used for preserving her health, and now read the answer:—

"She always had a great love of cleanliness, and in the daily habit of washing her face, feet, and hands in cold water, and as often as opportunity offered, she bathed in the same; she never ate or drank any delicacies or sweatmeats; seldom coffee, seldom tea, and never wine."

Of these likewise I took a note in my little book.

Some time after this again I read that near St. Petersburg a man had died who had enjoyed good health until he was 120 years old.—Again I took my pen and wrote to St. Petersburg, and here is the answer:—

"He was an early riser, and never slept beyond seven hours at a time; he never was idle; he worked and employed himself chiefly in the open air, and particularly in his garden. Whether he walked or sat in his chair, he never permitted himself to sit awry, or in a bent posture, but was always perfectly straight. The luxurious and effeminate habits of citizens he held in great contempt."

After having read all this from my little book, I said to myself. "You will be a foolish man indeed not to profit by the example and experience of these old people."

I then wrote out all that I had been able to discover about these happy old people upon a large card, which I suspended over my writing desk so that I might always have it before my eyes, to remind me what to do, and from what I should refrain. Every morning and evening I read over the contents of my card, and obliged myself to conform to its rules.

And now, my dear young readers, I can assure you, on the word of an honest man, that I am much happier, and in better health than I used to be. Formerly I had the headache every day, and now I suffer scarcely once in three or four months. Before I began these rules, I hardly dared to venture out in rain or snow without catching cold. In former times, a walk of half an hour's length fatigued and exhausted me; now I walk miles without weariness.

Imagine, then, the happiness I experience; for there are few feelings so cheering to the spirits as those of constant good health and vigor. But, alas! there is something in which I cannot imitate these happy old people—and that is, that I have not been accustomed to all this from my youth.

Oh that I were young again, that I might imitate them in all things, that I might be happy and long-lived as they were!

Little children who read this, you are the fortunate ones who are able to adopt in perfection this kind of life! What, then, prevents you living hence-forward as healthily and happily as the old woman of Stockholm, or as long and as usefully as the old men of London and St Petersburg!

AMERICAN POLITENESS.

Appended to a communication lately sent us by our gifted rural Incognita "FANNY FORESTER" was a posteript embodying what she called the "material for a paragraph." Of course we somewhat overstep her commission by publishing it in her own words, or naming her as the writer—but the good, of doing so, overbalances the evil. The compliment to our countrymen, known as coming from *her*, will have ten times the weight; it exhibits herself in a light charmingly favorable to her frank benevolence and freedom than superciliousness, besides kindling Heaven's own light under the veil of her incognita. We write down, here, a "GOD BLESS HER!" to be placed after the quotation, mentally, by the reader:—

* * * * * * * * * "The care which men bestow upon women travelling without protection, strikes me most agreeably every time I step into the cars or stage-coach—particularly the last, where there is more opportunity to display it. I was disappointed about my company in the very moment of starting (on a late journey by a stage-coach;) but as I had only thirty miles to ride, I thought it scarce worth my while to wait. The coach (a miserably comfortless old thing, by the way), was crammed full of men; but if there was any growling about giving up seats, it was finished before I made my appearance. The very best seat was given me; and though one poor fellow, that I knew must have been dislodged from it, made some *very* faces, he seemed particularly anxious to convince me that my coming had occasioned no inconvenience. They were all very coarse, common-looking men, but not a word fell from a single lip that (but for awkward pronunciation, or something of that kind) would have been improper in a drawing-room. Then the frequent inquiry if I were cold, the care taken lest my feet should touch the snow when I stepped from the coach, and the thousand like attentions, sometimes officious, perhaps, but always well-intentioned, interested me exceedingly. One huge, raw-boned Westerner, wrapped to the chin in a buffalo-robe, in spite of my remonstrance, pulled it off to fold about my feet. My baggage was cared for without a thought on my part; and on coming out from the first halting-place, I found a *stick of wood, nicely heated*, placed in the stage for my feet. I am not sure that the passengers in a stage-coach are always so attentive to the comfort of ladies; but in the many times that I have passed this way, I have seldom been obliged to *ask* for a single favor. I have been told that this is a peculiarity of our countrymen. If, so, since they have been lashed so much for want of refinement of manner, I think they should receive proper credit for refinement of heart." [N. Y. Mirror.

NEWSPAPERS. A writer in Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, thus speaks of what is now deemed indispensable among "household furniture:"—

"What varied emotions are excited in the breasts of different readers of a newspaper! With what opposite feelings is that damp sheet perused, which the newsman coldly places in the hands of his customer! The tradesman turns pale at seeing the name of his principal debtor in the Gazette, as in this ruin he reads his own. The poor widow reads with agonized feelings the sad intelligence that her son's regiment is ordered abroad; and the expectant legatee peruses with an ill-suppressed satisfaction the long looked for death of the rich relation. The betrothed maiden devours the shipping intelligence, which informs her of the expected speedy return of *his* ship; and the anxious wife with indescribable agony learns that her husband's vessel sank at sea, 'and all hands lost.' The poor author lays down the paper with a sigh, on perusing the ill-natured and crushing review of his labored volume; and the friendless teacher spells over her advertisement in print, with a silent prayer that the lines, for the insertion of which she changed her last sovereign, may procure her a situation. The corn-factor trembles for the success of his speculation, as he reads the probable abundance of the harvest; and the railway proprietor rubs his hands with glee at the prospect of the rising value of shares in his line. The fiery political partisan peruses with unbounded glee the recorded triumph of his favorite candidate at the county election, viewing in the ascendancy of his party the panacea for every social and political evil. Smiles and tears, expectation and disappointment, follow in the train of a newspaper; sunshine and shadow, the blackness of despair and the rainbow tints of hope, chequer its pages in a strange manner above those of any of its literary brethren."

FOLIAGE OF OUR FORESTS. English travellers often speak of the beauty of American forests in autumn, representing that the Old World has nothing equal to them in the variety and commingling of colors. Some of the lovers of nature go into our woods and gather the prettiest leaves for preservation. Soon after, Mr. Everett, our present Minister to St. James, went to England, his lady and daughter went to a party consisting of the nobility, wearing a wreath of our forest leaves, in a fine state of preservation. The wreaths attracted the gaze of all, and so strong was the admiration of them, that Mrs. Everett was asked where she procured the wreath. She replied that it was made of American leaves in their natural state. The English could not credit this statement, but asserted that the leaves were artificial. To convince them of the actual state of the leaves, Mrs. E. sent to Boston, and the next fall the most variegated of our forest leaves were sent to England as presents to Mrs. E.'s incredulous friends.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS. Annuals and other Illustrated Books, for sale by SAXTON, PEIRCE & CO., 133½ Washington st.

The Juvenile Scrap Book, by the author of The Women of England, containing 16 engravings, elegantly bound.

Drawing Room Scrap Book, embellished with 36 highly finished line engravings, embracing portraits, landscapes, historical and scripture subjects, &c. &c., quarto, elegantly bound.

Hall's British Ballads, Iv royal 8vo, each page beautifully embellished, bound in rich morocco and fancy paper.

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